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PEBBLE AND PEARL.

BY E. C. T.

What is the good man and the wise?
Ofttimes a pearl which none doth prize;

Or jewel rare, which men account
A common pebble, and despise.

Set forth upon the world's bazaar,
It mildly gleams, but no one buys;

Till it in anger Heaven withdraws
From the world's undiscerning eyes;

And in its shell the pearl again,
And in its mine the jewel lies.

A WIFE'S PERIL

—OR—

THE PRICE OF HER SECRET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

FOR HONOR'S SAKE.

SURELY he was not drawing near to her, this man on whom she looked with supreme disgust and contempt. She had not made up her mind in what fashion she should meet him, whether she should deny all he said, whether she should admit it, whether she should brave and defy him, or whether she should bribe him; her mind was all chaos, but at the sight of this man creeping with slow footsteps toward her, her heart rose in hot indignation.

"How dare he!" she thought, and if one flash of her beautiful eyes could have crushed him into dust, no more would have been heard of him.

He was standing before her, hat in hand, with a smile on his face for which she could have slain him.

"My Lady Arden!" he said.

She answered him with a look which would have stricken any other man dumb.

"My Lady Arden!" he repeated. "Do you know me?"

"I do not," she replied.

"Do you remember seeing, or hearing my name?" he asked again.

"I do not," she replied, proudly.

"Will you look at me and see if you think it possible you have seen me before?"

Her proud eyes hardly deigned to look at him, they seemed to give him one sweeping contemptuous glance as though he were less worthy than the green grass springing at her feet.

"No," she replied, "you are a perfect stranger to me."

"Perhaps so, my lady; but you will not say so when I tell you who I am."

Lady Arden made a magnificent gesture of disdain, as though it were a matter of complete indifference to her who he was.

"You do not know me," he said, "yet during the most terrible week of your life I never left the spot—always the nearest to you that I could find."

"I do not understand you!" she said, with all her old imperial grace.

"Yes, you do, Lady Arden. It will save time and trouble if I say, at once, how hopeless and useless it will be for you to attempt any denial of the fact that you are Hester Blair."

The color fled from her face at the sound of the name.

"I am answered!" he said. "If you knew nothing of Hester Blair, why should your face grow pallid at the mention of her name? It will save time and trouble if you admit the truth! If you deny it, I can overwhelm you with evidence and witnesses as to your identity."

He saw, with triumphant eyes, how she started and trembled. He hastened to add:

"If you are wise and prudent; if you want to preserve your rank and keep your position, you will listen to me and be guided by me."

The very fact that she listened to him told him how completely she felt herself to be in his power.

"I am quite sure," he continued, "that your ignorance is not feigned; you do not know me, although I have seen you more times than I can count, and I served you well! You do not recognize me? Adam Ramsay? But you would know my master, Dudley Ross, of Athole, who defended you at the assizes at Ardrossan."

She would have denied it if she could. She would have raised her head in angry indignation, in queenly contempt, but she could not; the words again had stricken her white and dumb.

"Dudley Ross," he continued, "the cleverest advocate in Scotland, and I, Adam Ramsay, was his clerk."

"His clerk?" she repeated, faintly.

"Yes, my lady; his clerk. I went with him every morning to your cell, while your defense was prepared and I—I—Heaven help me—looked on your beautiful face until it maddened me!"

She held up her hand with the gesture of an insulted queen.

"If I am to listen to you," she said, with calm disdain, "avoid any insult of that kind."

"I have no wish to insult you," he said, slowly. "You are very proud and very beautiful. None the less, it is true. I used to watch your face until it drove me mad."

She constrained herself to be silent; she forced herself to bear it.

"I stood near you in court during the whole time of the trial," he said. "Let the world say what it will, I could swear you never poisoned that dead man; never! I know," he said, "that I was less to you then than the wooden floor beneath your feet; but I thought you the most wonderful, the most beautiful woman I had ever seen."

In that moment of complete humiliation she hated even the superb beauty which had attracted the attention of this man, loathed it with quick passionate hate.

"Forgive me," he added, "if I say that I went mad over you."

"Yet," she interrupted hastily, not thinking how much her words admitted—"yet you seek to destroy me?"

"I do not. You misjudge me. I am a broken-down man, and I want only the price of my secret or, rather, of yours. I must tell you all," he continued, and his voice was hoarse with emotion. "You will be patient, my lady! Listen to what drove me here! I was so dazed, so mad, that my master, Dudley Ross, laughed at me, my fellow clerks scoffed at me. I was in love, they said, with Jezebel. No matter, I was mad!

"I swore—and I would have done it—that if ever they had to hang you, Hester Blair, I would have sprung upon the scaffold and have you in spite of all of them, or I would have died fighting for you. I should have thought such a death glorious—the death of a hero! You suffered while your trial lasted," he said; "but even you could not suffer as I did."

She made no comment, no remark; she uttered no word.

"I never ate or slept, or rested; I was mad. And when the verdict came, I would have given anything to have gone to you and have congratulated you. If I had been a rich man, I would have flown to you and have laid all I had in the world at your feet; but I dared not speak. My master laughed and jeered. I must do him justice, though; he never mentioned your name lightly; but he sneered at me. And then he told me that you had sailed to America under the name of Annie Malcolm, teacher of music. And the next thing he told me was that the ship was lost with all its passengers, and that you were amongst them. When I heard it I dropped on the floor like one stone dead. I do not remember much afterward; I went to the bad. I am not the first that love for a woman has driven mad. I may as well tell you the truth, it is of little use to disguise matters, I took to drink; I shall drink myself dead or mad; but it was for love of you, whom I believed to be drowned or dead, Hester Blair. I could tell you things I did which would shock, horrify, and frighten you; but they were all done for the mad, blind love of Hester Blair."

"That can not concern me," she said.

"No, but it should make you more pitiful to me. If I had never seen that face of yours in Ardrossan court I might have been Dudley Ross's clerk, and a respectable man now."

"It is not my fault," she said.

"I do not say it is, but it was an unlucky day for me when I first met you. I hope the luck will change now. I gave myself up to drink," he continued, "and the usual result followed. He was very patient with me, was Dudley Ross, but after a time he dismissed me. I went to Glasgow, to Aberdeen—always the same thing—drink—and dead Hester Blair. Why, if I saw a face like yours I would follow it for miles and forget both hunger and thirst in looking at it."

He drew himself up suddenly, and something of pathetic dignity came into his face.

"I know now," he said, "better than ever I did how hopeless it was—why you could not even lay that white fine hand of yours in mine. We breathe the same air just now, but the north and south poles are not further apart than we. I am but a worm under your feet."

"A worm," said Lady Arden, with quiet dignity, "that can both turn and sting."

"Nay," he replied, "you have to hear—there need be no sting. Mind you, until I saw you in New Bond Street, I had never dreamed that there was a possibility of your being alive—how could I?—but having once seen your face, nothing could make me believe that you were dead."

"Supposing," said Lady Arden, "that all you state is true—I do not admit it, I only say 'supposing' it is true—what then?"

"Why, then, my lady, we must come to terms," he replied.

"What do you mean by terms?" she asked. "Do you mean money?"

"That is precisely what I do mean," he answered, and then he shrank from the infinite contempt of her face. "It was love once," he said in a low voice; "it is money now. I am a broken-down and ruined man."

"What you mean is, that if I give you so much money you will keep my secret."

"That is it," he replied.

"But, how am I to know that you will keep it? What guarantee shall I have?"

"My word of honor," he answered.

A smile of finest contempt came over her face.

"That does not seem much to me," she said. "I should not say myself that you had any honor, or even the faintest notion of it."

"I have had," he replied. "When all the world was against you, I would have defended you and died for you."

"Not for honor," she said; "if you had been an honorable man, and you had seen the face of a woman whom the world believed to be dead, you would have turned away and died rather than mention it."

"But I want money, my lady," he continued. "You forget that."

"If it be a question of money, do not let the word honor be mentioned. I ask again, if I comply with your terms, what guarantee have I that you will keep secret?"

And Adam Ramsay looked at her in silence, hardly knowing what to say.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE PRICE OF THE SECRET.

"I should say," continued Adam Ramsay, after a pause, "that my own self-interest would be my guarantee. If I break my word, you break your bond, and the money will come to an end."

"I could not live," she cried, "with a sword hanging over my head. I could not live." She was silent for some few minutes; then she said, slowly, "What are your terms?"

He moved uneasily, something in the man's soul rose, even against himself, but he answered:

"I am very poor, my lady, and you are very rich."

"The money is my husband's," she said, "not mine."

"What is his is yours," said Adam Ramsay; "there is no doubt of that. I am very poor, and as I thought of going abroad, it would take something to start me. I want to begin life again—as a gentleman."

She smiled; the finest, the most bitter and cold contempt was expressed in that smile.

"You are beginning in a strange fashion," she said. "Gentlemen do not threaten or extort money from others!"

"I have known gentlemen do better and do worse," he said.

"We need not discuss it," remarked the lady. "Will you continue? What are your terms?"

"I should like something handsome down at once," he replied. "I know your husband counts his thousands by hundreds. I should say that a thousand pounds would not hurt you—to begin with."

"You know that of my own I have not a thousand pence," she said; "that I came to my husband a pauper, and all that I have in the world comes from him."

"It matters nothing to me where the money comes from, provided I get it," he said. "A thousand pounds down, and then I want an annuity!"

"An annuity!" she repeated—"of how much?"

"Five hundred a year!" he replied, promptly, so promptly that she knew his answer had been well thought over.

"It is a great deal of money," she said.

"And the secret it pays for is a weighty one," said Adam Ramsay.

She was wondering if she could do it. Her husband was most lavish, most generous to her. She ordered what she liked, she purchased and gave away what she would. When her bills came in—and they were heavy ones, for she was one of the best-dressed women in England—he never made any comments on the amounts, hardly noticed them, in fact. But if she went to him and asked him for a thousand pounds at once, he would wonder why she wanted so large a sum in cash; he would probably ask her.

She looked at Adam Ramsay with calm despair.

"It is true," she said, "that my husband is a rich man, that he lavishes everything in the world on me, but I have never

asked him for money, and I am afraid if I did so he would want to know what it was for?"

"You could surely frame some excuse?" he said.

"I should fear it," she replied.

"Still, I am afraid you will have to do it, my lady." he said. "Why, the diamonds you wear are worth thousands of pounds. Sell two or three of them, and substitute paste."

"No," said Lady Arden, slowly. "I will never do that. Those, then, are your terms," she continued, "and no other?"

"No others are possible," he replied; and Lady Arden stood silent for some time; her beautiful face was slightly raised, and her eyes seemed looking at something far away over the green trees.

"A thousand pounds down, and five hundred a year," she said to herself. Then she began to wonder, even if she could manage it, would life be worth living under the circumstances? If, every year, she had to raise five hundred pounds as she could, and send them to him at any risk, would life be worth living? The sword would be always hanging over her head; she would never be sure at any moment but that it might fall. Would it not be better to die at once?

She turned slowly to him.

"I do not see my way," she said. "I am afraid I could not manage it."

"In that case," he cried, "I will go at once to Lord Arden; he will give me twice as much to keep silence."

Oh, Leo, Leo! who had loved and trusted her so implicitly, who had kissed her that morning with love on his lips and faith in his eyes. No, he must not know!

"Give me time," she gasped. "I am thinking if I could live, and it seems to me that I could not keep it up, that I could not live under it. It would be better to die at once."

"It seems a sad thing for a beautiful woman like you to die for the want of a little money," he remarked.

A little money! She gave one great sigh as she thought of the princes and the great men who had sighed at her feet—of the admirers who had hung on her least word or smile. There was not one among them who would not have given the money twice over to have saved her from grief.

"A thousand pounds, and five hundred per annum!" The words rang through her brain. To get it she must ask her husband what she had never done before—what she hated the thought of asking—to make her a regular allowance of money. It would be a terrible humiliation to her, but she must do it.

"There are many things to be thought of in a matter of this kind," she said, slowly. "I can not give you my answer all at once; I must have time to think. There can be no hurry."

"There is no hurry!" he replied, "except that while you are thinking, my lady, I am starving."

"That can easily be rectified," she said, and drawing a purse for her pocket she placed a bank-note in his hands. "There are ten pounds for you," she said, "they will surely last you a week, and by that time I shall have decided I must have time to think."

"When, and how, shall I know your decision?"

She was silent for a few minutes; then she said:

"Come to this same place again, this day week, at the same hour."

With those words she turned haughtily away, and he stood watching her until she was out of sight.

CHAPTER XLII.

"BEFORE THE WEEK WAS OVER."

THAT same evening the earl and countess returned earlier that usual from a ball given by the Duchess of Glendoon. They were in Lady Arden's boudoir, where the earl ordered a tray to be brought.

"You look well to-night, Alice," he said. "I like that mixture of diamonds and rubies."

Then she went up to him and laid her white arms round his neck.

"Leo," she said, raising her beautiful face to his, "I am afraid that I am a great expense to you."

"An expense, my darling," he replied with a laugh; "I hope so, I should be very sorry if you were not. You are a great delight to me."

"I do not like to think how much money you pay away for me. I brought you nothing.

"You brought me the richest and most beautiful gift on earth—yourself," he answered.

"I almost wish," she began, shyly—then she paused.

"You almost wish what?" he asked lovingly.

"I do not like to tell you; your might think me mercenary," she said.

"I shall never think you that, or anything else than perfect!" cried the loving husband. "What do you wish to ask me, darling?"

"Do you not think it would be better if, instead of paying all those heavy bills for me—and the heavier they are, Leo, the more you seem to allow me a certain sum each year?"

"Pin money?" laughed the earl.

"I am not quite sure that I know what pin-money is," she said.

"My dear unworldly wife, pin-money means the allowance made by the husband to the wife for pocket-money. I will not consent to make you an allowance that will cover all expenses. If I did so you would limit your expenditure in a way I should not like, but I will do something else. I will make you an allowance of two thousand a year. You understand it is not to buy dresses and jewels with, but to spend as you like, to give in charities. I shall never want to know what you do with it."

He wondered why she clung round his neck weeping that he was too good, too kind, that she was not worthy of such; but he kissed away her tears.

"I will give it to you half-yearly," he said, "and I will give you the first thousand to-morrow."

Oh, thank Heaven!—thank Heaven! In her gratitude and relief she almost fell on her knees before him, and he wondered at so much gratitude for what seemed to him so small a cause. He thought it was because she had never had any money to really call her own before.

And that night she could not sleep, her heart was so full of gratitude to Heaven—and to her husband. She would be able to pay that terrible man the money—and he would go!

She was saved once more—saved!

The earl had given her the money, and nothing could have delighted him more.

"It is yours, Alice, to do what you will with. I can not imagine why I never thought of it before, and in the spending of it, my darling, you are not to be embarrassed or restrained by any thought of what I shall say. You may give it all away to-day if you will."

She had laughed at the words to cover her emotion, nevertheless her heart gave a great throb of relief. She had it safe now, the money that was to purchase her freedom. She indorsed the check, sent it to the bank, and received the money in fifty-pound notes.

Then it was all safe; she locked it away in her escritoire until the day dawned when she was to pay it away—to pay it away—to pay it away to Adam Ramsay.

Now that she had a sum of money promised to her every year, she would have no difficulty in sending the five hundred per annum to him. Still she felt the terrible weight of this secret; she knew how it would drag her down; she knew how every year as it came would be accursed by the knowledge that she had to do this thing.

She recovered some of her health and spirits. She had hope, and she repeated over and over again to herself that she was safe.

On the night of the twentieth of June, the earl and countess were engaged to attend a grand fancy ball, given, by the Duchess of Glendoon.

Lady Arden looked her best. She had never been more radiantly beautiful; never more magnificently attired. Even the maid who dressed her had marveled at her loveliness. She wore the rich, sweeping robes of a Tudor queen; the rare velvet and ermine, the rich brocade. She wore a crown of diamonds; she wore diamonds on her white breast and on her white arms. She was so royally lovely and graceful that people wondered as they looked at her.

The earl stood at the foot of the great staircase; he watched her as she descended in all the radiance of her royal robes and her diamonds. It mattered little to him that the hall was crowded with servants all anxious to see their lady in her loveliness. He never thought of them, but he drew the regal mantle of blue velvet and ermine round her white shoulders.

"My darling," he whispered, "you ought to have been a real queen."

The closed carriage was standing at the door; bare-headed footmen were waiting without; servants crowded within; the lady so royal in her magnificence stood on the last step of the staircase. The earl had taken one hand to lead her to the carriage when at the great open door a cry was heard—a cry of longing and admiration that was like bitter pain; there was a stir among the footmen and something that sounded like a scuffle.

"What is the matter?" cried Lord Arden.

"Nothing, my lord," replied one of the servants. "It is a man who has had too much to drink, and he has been trying to get into the house."

"Send him away," cried his lordship.

Up came another servant.

"My lord, shall we give this man in charge?" he asked. "He is intoxicated and riotous."

"No," said my lord, whose kindly heart pleaded for every one. "No, send him home; send him away; do not hurt him. Clear the way there, my lady is coming out."

She seemed to cut the air with her delicate queenly loveliness as she crossed the pavement to go to the carriage.

She saw nothing of the man who was being thrown aside; she heard a cry and the voices of the servants; then she forgot all about it. It was less than nothing to the Countess of Arden, a struggle with a man who had had too much to drink, and was incapable.

Needless to say that she was the belle and the queen of the ball; that she made a greater sensation in her royal robes than she had ever done before; that she was flattered and worshipped, feted and caressed more that night than she had ever been before.

It was not very late when they returned; the earl seemed tired, and she, who had no pleasure save in his, saw that. If all the kings of Europe had been at her feet it would not have cost her a thought to leave them. Seeing that he looked tired, she declared to him very soon that she felt fatigued. The room was too bright, the superb toilets and the magnificent jewels dazzled her; to drive home under the starlight with her husband would be far more delightful.

Perhaps she was just a little satiated with all the homage and adoration she had received; then one of her greatest pleasures was to drive home with her husband; that was better than any amount of admirers or dances. When they were in the carriage, and the stars shone down on them with their pale, pure light, she bent forward and kissed her husband's face.

The earl laughed.

"You are such a queen to-night, Alice, I can not take you in my arms; all those royal robes and the diamond crown make you unapproachable."

"I shall throw the diamond crown away if you say that," she replied. "Do you know, Leo," she continued, "that among all the men in the ball-room to-night, there was not one that could even be compared to you? You tower above them all."

"Praise is sweet to me when it comes from your lips," said Lord Arden, and even in the pale starlight he saw her face flush.

How she loved him! How completely and perfectly she loved him! During the whole of that brilliant evening she had never once thought of Adam Ramsay.

The carriage stopped before the great hall-door; there seemed to be some confusion—the door was open, the servants stood upon the steps, there was a struggle on the pavement, and several people had stopped to see what was going on.

"What is the matter?" cried Lord Arden again, and again one of the footmen stepped forward.

"It is the same man, my lord."

"The same man!" cried the earl. "What do you mean?"

"The same man who made the disturbance just as your lordship was starting," answered the servant.

"This is intolerable," said Lord Arden. "What do you mean by allowing this kind of thing?"

"The man ought to have been given in charge, but your lordship would not allow it," said the man, respectfully. "He has been here three times to-night."

"Three times!" cried the earl. "Why, what can he want here? Send for a policeman at once."

But the man hesitated. He looked strangely at the earl. "What does he want here?" cried Lord Arden.

"He says, my lord, that he wants to see Lady Arden," the footman said, slowly, and the earl recoiled in surprise.

"Lady Arden!" he cried. "How dare he use Lady Arden's name."

"He says, my lord, that it is a matter of life and death. He clung to the railing there and cried aloud that he would not go. He said he must see Lady Arden. The man is mad."

"It is an insult," said his lordship.

All this time Lady Arden sat in the carriage waiting until the pavement was clear that she might enter the house. She looked out and saw clearly enough by the starlight the disturbed expression on her husband's face.

"What is the matter, Leo?" she asked.

"Nothing, my darling, that need disturb you."

"But what is it?"

While the words were on her lips a loud cry was heard, a cry that was pitiful in its agony—

"Hester—Hester Blair!"

The earl did not seem to have heard it, but on the ears of the woman who listened it fell like a death-knell. It turned her to stone; it struck her mute and dumb; it stopped her heart from beating; it paralyzed her.

"The man is mad!" cried Lord Arden. "It is intolerable to have such a noise here."

"Hester—Hester Blair!" cried the same voice again, and this time the earl bent his head to listen.

Still—she did not die—she did not die!

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN THE HALL OF ARDEN HOUSE.

HESTER—HESTER BLAIR!" sounded again. She did not move or stir. If a sword had been suddenly plunged into her heart she could not have been more silent or motionless; she knew what it was; she knew that all was lost. Seated there in all her pallid loveliness, in the splendor of her royal robes, the starlight falling on the blue velvet and the ermine, on the diamond crown, on the beautiful face, she went through all the bitterness of death—she went through its horrors, its terrors, its dread.

"The man is mad!" cried the earl. "What name is he crying, Alice?"

But she made no answer; she knew that her time had come.

"Come into the house, darling," said the earl, "I will soon put an end to this kind of thing."

But she could not move; a cold shudder ran through her limbs; a burning weight had fallen on her brain.

It had come at last—the sword which had been so long suspended over her head!

The earl was by that time too angry to notice anything. He thought it intolerable that this disturbance should be made at his door, and he resolved to put an end to it.

"Now, darling," he said to his wife; and when he saw that his wife sat there white, trembling, quite unable to rise, he thought she was ill from fear. "It is intolerable," he cried, "I will send the man to prison."

"Hester—Hester Blair!" cried the voice again, and this time the earl repeated the words.

"Hester Blair," he cried: "the name seems quite familiar to me. Now, Alice, you need not fear. Come into the house, darling."

She rose with a desperate effort saying to herself that it mattered little whether she died in the carriage, on the pavement, or in the house. The worst had happened; Adam Ramsay was there intoxicated, and her secret would soon be known to the whole world.

The moment she quitted the carriage he made one spring toward her.

"Hester!" he cried, with folded, outstretched hands—"Hester Blair!"

She turned her white face to her husband.

"Is he mad?" she asked.

"I should say so," was the indignant reply. "He will have to answer for his madness."

They had just reached the hall door, when the desperate man made one more effort; he sprung from those who were trying to hold him, and grasped the hem of the long blue velvet train.

"Hester—Hester Blair!" he cried.

She clung to her husband's arm with a low, convulsive cry.

"Do not be afraid," he said. "I will kill the villain! Come in, my darling. I will give him in charge."

And, if he did, if he did, her shameful story would be told, would be shouted out in the streets—anything rather than that.

She looked up into her husband's face.

"No, no," she said, faintly; "not that."

"It will be that most certainly!" he cried. He led his wife into the drawing-room, and placed her on a couch. "You have frightened yourself, Alice," he said. "I will ring for some wine. Have no fear; I will soon get rid of the man now."

She would have clung to him; she would have begged of him to be prudent, to be careful, for her secret was at stake; but she had no power, no strength; the pallor

of death was on her face. He did not read the dumb entreaty of her eyes.

"My darling," he said, "you are almost foolish to be so greatly alarmed. Adele," —for the maid had just answered the bell —"get some wine for your mistress;" but that hapless mistress neither moved nor spoke.

"My lord," said the old butler, who had hastily entered the room, "would you be kind enough to come into the hall?"

The next moment he was gone, and she sat waiting for what was to follow in deathly, pallid despair. She had suffered much before—she suffered much afterward, but no hour was ever so full of agony to her as this. She was perfectly paralyzed. The sudden fall of the blow, just when she thought herself most secure, made it doubly terrible. Adele brought the wine, but her mistress could not drink it. Nothing could save her now —nothing. The maid went away, and a silence more terrible to her than the noise had been succeeded it.

Lord Arden had gone out full of danger. He would have the man locked up and punished; he would have no mercy on him, because he had frightened his beautiful wife.

He went out into the hall where the struggle was going on; he heard the stranger cry out:

"I will see Lady Arden. I will not leave the house until I have seen her. I will see her. It is a matter of life or death!"

"If that man mentions Lady Arden's name again throw him into the street," thundered the earl, and as the servants drew back startled, the earl and the stranger stood face to face.

"I will see her—or her husband!" he cried, doggedly. "I will not go without."

"I am Lord Arden," said the earl. "What do you want with me? Jones, call in a policeman. I will have no more of this."

A sudden silence and dignity seemed to fall over the man, whose face was flushed, and whose eyes were wild with drink. He looked at the handsome face and the noble figure before him.

"You are Lord Arden," he said; "then, my lord, be advised by me—for your own sake, and for the sake of some one very dear to you—see me alone, before you give me in charge."

Then the footman who had spoken, with a scared face came to him.

"My lord, pray forgive me; this man says strange things. It might save trouble if you would see him alone; he has some strange fancy about my lady, and you would not like——"

Lord Arden interrupted him angrily.

"What can it matter what such a man says about my lady?"

"There is a crowd outside, and there are strangers about," said the man, respectfully.

"Let me see you, my lord, alone for five minutes," cried Adam Ramsay, "only five minutes. I will not keep you longer. You will repent it your whole life through if you do not."

Lord Arden resolved that he would do no such thing—why should he? He would send the man to prison for making this disturbance, but he would not condescend to speak to him—why should he? But the man, with a certain earnestness that he could not mistake, drew nearer to him.

"For your wife's sake!" he whispered. "I know—I know it is the demon of drink that has driven me here; but now that I am here let it be done with. Give me five minutes, only five, and I will tell you who your wife is! You ought to know."

But the strong right hand of the earl was raised, and Adam Ramsay would never have spoken again but that one of the men, foreseeing what must happen, dragged him hastily away.

"If you dare to mention that name again," said the earl, in a white heat of anger, "I will kill you. I never threaten in vain."

"My lord, I am the only person in the world who knows what that lady's name is."

Something in the man's manner struck Lord Arden, something in the sudden silence that had fallen over the group of servants, some sudden sense of quick-coming, intolerable wrong. He hesitated; there could be, he knew, nothing concerning his beautiful and peerless wife that was wrong; still, if from want of patience on his part, her name was bandied about, even on the lips of her own household, he would be exceedingly hurt.

That must not be; if exercising self-control for a few minutes, and listening to a man he felt that he would rather slay than let live, he would do it.

"Take him into the library," he said, in a tone of loathing and disgust: "I will see him there."

Not one of those gorgeously attired menials would have touched him, so that he was marshaled before them into the library.

"Orton," cried the earl to the old butler "send every one away! I will see to the hall door myself. Allow no talking."

The earl and Adam Ramsay stood face to face. A sudden sobriety and silence had fallen over the man; he looked half frightened at the earl.

"What is it?" said Lord Arden, quickly. "Speak at once; I have no time to lose."

But a sudden fear seemed to come over him; the look of intoxication almost passed from his face.

"I wanted to see Lady Arden!" he cried. "I must see her! I knew her when she was 'Hester Blair!'"

"Who, in the name of Heaven, is Hester Blair?" he cried. "Hester Blair! The name is familiar enough to me."

The man could not have resisted the triumph over Hester's husband if he had died for it the next moment. He seemed to grow bigger and taller and more defiant; he looked at him quite straight in the face.

"Hester Blair," he said, "was the heroine of the Mystery of Colde Fell."

He could not help his triumph; he could not have refrained from it had death been the penalty. Lord Arden looked at him.

"You are a madman!" he said.

"No," replied Adam Ramsay, "I am mad in one sense—ever since my eyes fell on Hester Blair. I am not mad," he continued, "but it begins to dawn across me that I am not sober. I have not sold her secret! I have not told about Hester Blair!" Then, with that sudden ferocity which comes from drink, he cried, "You are a great earl and a mighty earl, but you do not know whom you have married —and I do!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

HESTER BLAIR.

"I DID not mean to have told you," cried Adam Ramsay, struck with a sudden sense of what he had done; "and I must have, mind you, the price of my secret. She would have given it to me, and I must have it from you. The price of Hester Blair's secret to me means money and luxury!"

Now that he was with him, nothing to take his attention from him—the earl saw plainly enough what was wrong. The man was deeply, dreadfully in earnest. He had some terrible secret, or he fancied he had, and he was far from sober.

Had he been sober, the chances are that whatever the secret might be, he would have kept it. Not sober, his brain dulled with the fumes of wine, his senses deadened, his memory half gone, his reason all astray, he would betray it.

Nothing could touch—nothing could assail his peerless wife; he put her away out of his thoughts; but what had this wretched distraught man in his mind about Hester Blair? Suddenly, and with the clearness of a flash of lightning, he remembered all about it. Hester Blair was, as the madman before him had said, the heroine of that horrible and disreputable tragedy, the Mystery of Colde Fell. She was the young wife, quite a girl, who had been charged with poisoning her husband, and whom he, in his own mind, most certainly thought guilty. He remembered the conversation that he had had with his beautiful wife about her; he remembered even that she was drowned and dead; he remembered, too, that he did not know much about the antecedents of his wife. It was just possible that his wife might have been related to this wretched woman, or might have known her. "In that case," he said to himself, "he would be patient and listen to this man. No shadow should come over the brightness and glory of her name." While he stood thinking deeply, the man was intently watching his face.

"I have to live all the rest of my life on Hester Blair's secret," he said, in a sullen, low voice; the influence of drink seemed to be coming over him again. "She should have seen me to-night," he muttered. "Only for one minute, and all this would have been saved; but I must have my price."

The earl tried hard to restrain himself; the passion within him rose almost to murder heat; yet there was something in the man, he could not tell what, that compelled some degree of attention and belief.

"What is your price, and what is your secret?" he asked, slowly.

"My price," answered the man, to whom that was evidently the matter of most moment. "My price is a thousand pounds down and five hundred per annum."

It was the word thousand which startled the earl. "A thousand pounds down?" Why that was just the sum he had given his wife, and for which she had thanked him with such grateful tears. Why, the very thought of it was accursed!

"A thousand pounds down," repeated the man, "and my lady would have given it to me. I saw it in her face; and she would have given me the five hundred a year—I saw that too."

"For what?" asked the earl, slowly.

"As the price of her secret," replied the man.

"One thousand pounds down and five hundred a year," said Lord Arden—"that is the price; now what is the secret?"

He tried to speak calmly, but in spite of himself his face flushed hotly, and his strong frame trembled.

"What is the secret?" he repeated.

"It is this," replied Adam Ramsay, but he shrunk from the earl as he uttered the words, "it is this—the woman called Hester Blair is not dead; she is living, and is your wife! She was supposed to have sailed under the name of Annie Malcolm, and to have been drowned at sea; but if ever Hester Blair lived at all, she lives as the Countess of Arden."

"A mad fancy," said the earl, and I forgive you. I do not slay you because you are mad."

"A sober truth, my lord; I can prove it to you," he said, "in a thousand ways. Send for Dudley Ross, he would know her face again. Should I dare to come to you with this story if it were not true?"

"I forgive you, as I said, because you are mad," said the earl.

"Do not put my madness to the point," said Adam Ramsay; "you would repent it to the last day of your life. It is my secret; no one on earth knows it but your wife and me. Pay me well and I will keep it. It shall go to the grave with me."

"Hester Blair!" said the earl, in a tone of unmeasured contempt. "Hester Blair, poisoner and murderess, my wife! My wife is a peerless lady and a noble woman."

"So was Hester Blair!" cried Adam Ramsay. "She was innocent as a child, and she suffered enough to have killed a stronger woman. She had a narrow escape, too. I trembled for her every day."

"You trembled?" said the earl.

"Yes, I. No one in that crowded court looked on with so much anxiety as I did. You will ask what and who am I? The advocate who defended Hester Blair, when she was charged with willful murder, was Dudley Ross, and I, Adam Ramsay, was his clerk. As his clerk, it was my duty to go with him every day to her cell, and during the whole of the trial I stood near her.

"I—you will forgive me, my lord—I was like the silly moth that flutters round the taper until its wings are burned; I looked at that most beautiful face of hers until—well, I dare not say any more—until I went mad, so mad that I was a subject for laughter and sneers; nothing better, laughter and sneers. Then, when one day they told me suddenly that she was drowned and dead, I fell on the ground like a man struck dead; I have never been the same since. I knew it was unutterable folly, and that a slave might as well love a queen, but when I heard that she was dead, I, in a measure, died too! I did anything to drown my thoughts; I took to drinking, and I have been drinking ever since. I was dismissed from my situation. I tried others; it was always the same the same thing; then I came to London. I have been starving, not living, here for two years, not caring whether I lived or died, until, in New Bond Street, I saw the face of Hester—Hester Blair. I knew her at once; I should have known her whether she had been dressed as princess or peasant; I should have known her under any disguise—nothing could have hidden fair Hester from me. I wrote to her, I told her that I knew her, and that I must see her. She deigned no answer to my letter. I wrote again, and I told her that if she would not purchase my secret, I should offer it to you, and then she came to meet me."

He started back, for the earl drew near to him with darkling face and upraised hand.

"Stay! stay!" he cried. "You can not strike me for saying it, if I can prove it, and I can. I asked her to meet me at Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park; and I saw her drive up there. I know the number of the cab, and I know the face of the cabman. Confront them with me, and you will see for yourself if it be true or not. Don't strike me until you know."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bric-a-Brac.

AN OLD CUSTOM.—Tarring and feathering was once a legal punishment for theft. It is said to be found in the statutes of both England and France about the time of the crusades.

SALT.—The necessity of procuring salt had much to do with the migration of interior tribes. In the folk-lore of the Zuni there is a salt goddess, who is the daughter of the ocean, and salt itself, they believed, was derived from the sun.

EAR RINGS.—The ear-rings worn by Italian women indicate the part of Italy the wearers come from; the longer the ear-rings the farther South the women come from. In the extreme South most of the ear rings hang close to the shoulders; in the far North they are quite short.

GRAPES.—There are vines in Burgundy said to be upwards of four hundred years old at the present time. In some parts of Italy there are vineyards which have been in a flourishing state for upwards of three centuries; and there a vineyard of one hundred years' duration is considered young.

THE STRANGER'S SHEAF.—A touching old rural custom prevails in the West of France during the harvest season. On the edge of a field bordering the highway a sheaf of grain is left standing, to which all the peasants of the village contribute, and which is called "the stranger's sheaf," as it is the property of the first tramp or other wayfarer who may care to carry it away and profit by its price.

ON BEHALF OF THE NIGHTINGALE.—The Russian authorities have intervened on behalf of the nightingale. The police of Kiev found some birdcatchers who were on their way to Moscow with 600 nightingales in cages. The birdcatchers were captured and fined, and their little victims were taken to the Botanical Gardens and released. It is said they rose in the air in song, which was responded to by the other birds around.

VOICES OF THE NATIONS.—The Tartars are supposed to have, as a nation, the most powerful voices in the world. The Germans possess the lowest voices of any civilized people. The voices of both Japanese and Chinese are of a very low order and feeble compass, and are probably weaker than any other nation. Taken as a whole, Europeans have stronger, clearer and better voices than the inhabitants of the other continents.

RAILWAY MILEAGE.—The total railway mileage of the world was at the end of the year 1892 406,416. The American continents have more than one-half the railway mileage of the world, and the United States comes pretty near equaling Europe, Asia, Africe and Australia combined. The total capital invested in railroads at the beginning of the year 1893 was, in round numbers, $32,150,000,000, an average cost a mile for the entire world of a little more than $79,000.

THE OLIVE TREE.—The olive tree is supposed to have been originally a native of Greece, but it is now naturalized in the South of France, Italy and Spain, where it has been extensively cultivated from time immemorial for the oil expressed from the fruit. The tree attains an almost incredible age. Near Forni, in the Vale of Marmora, is a plantation about two miles in extent of very old trees, supposed to be the same trees mentioned by Pliny as growing there in the first century of the Christian era.

JAPANESE WOMEN.—Japanese women have, in the past few years, shown signs of waking up to the demands of nineteenth century progress. Very many women of the Flowery Kingdom have engaged in business for themselves, and they are nearly as successful in the matter of independence as their Western sisters. A subscription has just been raised in Tokyo, and subscribed to by several of the Ministers of State, Government officers and others to erect a monument in Uyeno Park in commemoration of Mrs. Oura, a Japanese woman who died in 1884, at the age of 57, after having achieved the distinction of being the woman pioneer of foreign commerce in Japan.

UNRECOGNIZED LANGUAGES.—Young people are prone to form languages for their own use; and of 150 specimens of the kind published by the "Am Ur-quell," a German folk lore journal, a large proportion are those of boys and girls; while others were collected from thieves, peasants, and secret societies. For example, there is "Medical Greek," used by medical students; "Dog Latin," or the speech of a baby learning to talk; "Crane language," used in Denmark; "Sa-la language," used in China; "Robber language"; "B-language"; "Language of the Cat's Elbow," and so on. Many of them are the ordinary language of the neighborhood, modified by the insertion of syllables, a plan which schoolboys often follow. A case in point is the "Gibberish, or Hog Latin, of American children": for instance, "Willus yoovus govus withus meevus?" for "Will you go with me?" Others again are formed by replacing the letters of a word by others, as in the "Tut language" of Texas, and the "Guitar language" of Hungary.

WHATEVER IS—IS BEST.

BY E. W. W.

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight,
That under each rank wrong somewhere
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has its purpose,
By the sorrowing oft unguessed;
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished,
Though the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer,
But whatever is—is best.

I know there is no error
In the great supernal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know when my soul speeds onward
In its grand eternal quest,
I shall cry as I look back earthward,
"Whatever is—is best."

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHO WAS THE WOMAN?

"MY son," she said, "it was a strange fate which has brought you hither to me. I had thought that never in this world should I have to reopen the sealed chapters of my life, and to think and speak of that time when I was one of the outside world, a lover of its pleasures, and, alas! a very guilty woman. Year after year the memory of that time has grown fainter and fainter. Earthly love has almost died away from within me, and I can look into your face almost without emotion, though it reminds me so much of his.

"I loved your father, my son—loved him as women still love men, I suppose, in the world from which I have passed forever. He loved me, too; but I was never worthy of his love. He knew nothing of it; but I was not what he thought me.

"It was at St. Marien, near here, where we were living—my father, my sister, and I—that I first knew him. He was young and handsome and noble, and from the first moment when he began to whisper words of love to me he hinted at marriage, and when he spoke openly and told me of his love he asked me boldly to become his wife. He never knew why I hesitated so long. He never knew why I lay awake night after night filled with bitter regrets, wondering whether I dare marry him, tempted of the devil to do so, yet fearful. In the end the temptation was too strong, and I yielded. I kept a hideous secret locked in my heart, and I stood by his side at the altar while the priest joined our hands and called us man and wife. Yes, I was married to your father."

She had told me so before, and yet somehow I had clung to some faint hope, which her words destroyed. I felt my heart sink, and I would have withdrawn my hands from hers. But she held my fingers tightly.

"Nay, but listen, my son," she continued. "I say that I was married to him; and yet it was no marriage."

"No marriage! What do you mean?" I cried. "I have seen a copy of the certificate."

"And so you may again, my son," she said, bowing her head. "And yet it was no marriage, for I was already married."

I felt quite powerless to say anything.

"You wonder that I can tell you of my shame like this," she said softly. "Ah, my son, for twenty years and more I have done unceasing penance, and the old life, with its sins and guilt, has passed away from me. Our Blessed Mother has heard my prayers, and Sister Agnes can talk calmly of Cecile d'Augerville's sins. Let me go on with my story.

"At least I have one excuse for what I did. I believed my husband dead. We had been married secretly, almost directly I had left the convent; but he was a soldier and had been obliged to leave immediately after our marriage. I was only a girl, scarcely seventeen years old, when I married him, and the romantic fancy which I had thought love soon passed away. I had never dared tell my father, for he was poor, and I knew that his great hope was that Marie and I would marry rich husbands. So I left it until he should return from the war; and he did not return. Instead, there came rumors of his death, and, foolishly, I accepted them unquestioningly. Then your father came, and for the first time I knew what love was. When he asked me to marry him I consented, telling him nothing of my past lest he should give me up, and trusting simplicity to the vague rumors which had reached me of my husband's death. We were married secretly, and the vengeance of Heaven was swift. In less than a week your father killed mine in a duel, and I had received a message from my first husband, who was still alive and desired me to join him.

"I fled from home on that awful night, intending to end my days by own hand. From such a crime, however, I was spared. I passed through a sweet country town, and some wild impulse led me to enter the cathedral. For the first time religion became a reality to me. I confessed, and after much penance I was admitted a sister of the lowest order at the house, which is now, alas! no more. Step by step I worked myself up until at the death of the Superioress they chose me to take her place. From the moment of my entrance here I determined to write myself down as dead to the world. I sent a certificate of my death to your father, and to my friends. I aimed at entire and absolutely detachment from every thought and affection of earthly origin. What strange providence has brought you here to make me reopen for the last time my other life I cannot tell. Yet it has come to pass, and I have told you all. Now I must go. But before I go accept my blessing. We shall all pray for you often, for many owe you their lives. Farewell!"

"One word!" I cried. "Sister Agnes—I will forget that you ever had another name—I must ask you a question."

"Ask it, then."

"When my father lay dead there was found upon his arm a gold bracelet."

"And when I die," she said, "there will be found one upon my arm. I have told you my story from the very worst point of view, seeking to extenuate nothing. But I had what seemed to me then to be some excuse for my wicked deceit. I loved your father with passionate, overwhelming love, and though I never think of that time now, that bracelet will never leave my arm. See!"

She raised her long sleeve, and I saw the dull band of gold.

"There has been a foul plot!" I cried. "Listen for one minute, Sister Agnes, while I tell you of my father's death."

She sat down upon the bed and folded her hands.

"He was a brave, good man, your father," she said softly. "If he is dead he is happy, even though he was not of our Church."

"Let me tell you of his death!" I cried, with a shudder. "Late one night, while he was receiving his guests, a note was brought to him. He made some excuse and hurried away from the house to a lodging-place at the east end of London. There we know that he visited a woman who must have had some strong claim upon him. He returned to his guests, fulfilled all his duties, and on their departure, he went to his study. On the morrow he was found dead—dead!"

"It was very sudden," she said. "Let us pray that he had made his peace with God."

"Ay, it was sudden," I continued; "but I have not told you all. He died no natural death."

"No natural death?" she repeated wonderingly. "He did not destroy himself?"

"Either that or he was murdered," I answered; "and God alone knows which. But listen. On that same morning the woman whom he had visited was found murdered!"

"Holy Mother!" she whispered, shuddering.

"The only clew we had to the mystery was this," I added, leaning toward her. "On the right arm of the murdered woman was found a gold bracelet, and on his was also one like it."

Again she was a woman, her gray eyes full of mingled horror and bewilderment and her cheeks blanched.

"It seemed to me that it was my place to solve this mystery," I continued. "I commenced my task by searching through my father's private papers, and from them I learned of his marriage to you. From Neilson, my father's servant, I learned of the bracelets which you and he wore. Can you wonder what everything seemed to lead to? My mother, Neilson, and myself, at separate times, and by different courses, arrived at the same conclusion. We decided that the woman at whose summons he had left his guests and gone at a moment's notice in the dead of night to the slums of London must be his lawful wife come back from the dead. Of her death, after his visit, and of his that same night, not one of us dared to think. And yet it has haunted me, has haunted all of us day and night since that awful discovery. My mother is dying of a broken heart; Neilson is almost a madman; and I am a wanderer on the face of the earth, and now either I am dreaming or our agony has been in vain. My God! I think I am going mad! Sister Agnes, if you are the woman whom he thought his wife, who was she who was murdered in London, with the bracelet upon her arm, and what was she to my father? If you cannot tell me I shall go mad!"

She stood up on the floor with her hands pressed to her temples and her eyes full of a terrible light, swaying herself gently backward and forward. Then with a cry, awful beyond all expression, she sank down upon the ground a lifeless heap.

I sprang from my couch and hastened to her side. I hurried on my clothes and cried aloud for help. The farmer's wife, who was our temporary hostess, came clattering upstairs in her huge sabots, and after her came one of the other women.

"Sister Agnes has fainted," I explained, as they opened the door. "What can we do for her? Have you any brandy?"

They hastened to her side, and applied many restoratives, of which I knew nothing, but for a long time without effect.

"I must fetch a doctor!" I cried. "Where can I find one?"

The sister took out her watch.

"Dr. Leneuill will be here in a few minutes to see you, monsieur," she remarked. "Better wait for him. Will monsieur lift her on to the bed?"

I did so, and by and by the signs of life began slowly to reappear. The sister looked at me doubtfully.

"Monsieur will pardon me," she said, "but if our dear sister's sudden illness had anything to do with him, would it not be better for him to retire for a while, that she may not see him when she first opens her eyes? If monsieur does not mind?"

I turned away and left the room.

After a while our hostess came down with the news that Sister Agnes had recovered and was asking for me.

I went upstairs at once, and when I stood by her side, I was shocked to see the change which a few hours had made in her appearance. She beckoned me close to her side.

"Ask me no questions," she said hoarsely, grasping my coat-sleeve with her thin, nervous fingers. "Ask me no questions, but get ready to go a journey with me to-morrow. You will?"

"I will, Sister Agnes," I answered softly. "Wherever you choose to take me."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

M. DE FEUGUET DESIRES A SON-IN-LAW.

THREE days—three long, dreary days—and no news of Bernard. He has not been to see me, he has not even sent me a message. What can it mean—this silence? Were those few minutes on the balcony only a sweet dream, a vision, a freak of the imagination? How idle to ask it! Are not my lips still burning with the fire of that long kiss, and are not his passionate words still ringing in my ears? I cannot even think of him without feeling again some faint remembrance of that exquisite thrill of happiness which passed through me like lightning when I knew that he loved me and I felt myself clasped for one short moment in his arms.

Something must have happened to him! I know it. He would never leave me like this without a word or a message after what has passed between us.

Our little household is quite disorganized. Not only am I in a state of mind bordering upon distraction, but there is something more than usually strange about my father's behavior, also. Strange to say, too, his disquietude seems to proceed from the same cause as mine—Lord Alceston's disappearance. I am more than convinced that the secret trouble—which seems to be wearing out his life, and of which I dare not speak to him—is in some way connected with Bernard's appearance here. I know that he has been going down to the hotel where Bernard stayed, continually trying to find him; but, alas! he has never succeeded! What does he want with him? He can know nothing yet. . . .

My father has just returned from another fruitless visit to the hotel, and he has brought with him an old man, a servant of Lord Alceston, who has just come from England to him. They went straight into the library, and were talking together for a long time. Then I went down to see if there was any news, for I could bear the suspense no longer. He has no news; he can tell us nothing. It seems Bernard left the hotel suddenly, without saying where he was going, three days ago. . . .

Mr. Carlyon called yesterday, and as he saw me at the window and came straight in I was compelled to see him, though I could scarcely keep still for nervousness. He knows no more than any of us what has become of his cousin.

"Bernard's all right," he declared. "He knows how to take care of himself; and, besides, he's awfully fond of these mysterious disappearances. Goes in for them regularly, you know, when he's bored, and saves all bother of saying good-by."

Was he bored here, I wonder? I think not. I had a great mind to tell Mr. Carlyon, but he looked so moody and different from his usual self that I scarcely liked to. And then, perhaps, Bernard would not have liked it. . . .

My father knows everything. I could not help telling him. He came in softly when I was—in tears, I am afraid; and he asked me so kindly and yet so eagerly that I could keep it to myself no longer.

When I had told him I felt better. For a long time he made no remark; it seemed almost as if my story had fallen upon deaf ears. But I knew that it was not so. "Mon pere, you are not angry?" I said after a while. "This does not displease you?"

"Angry!" He stopped opposite my chair, and his voice was shaking with feverish emotion. "Marie, nothing else in the world would be so welcome to me as this. Nothing else could bring me so much peace. God grant that it may come to pass!"

I looked at him wonderingly. It was a rare thing to see him so much moved. What could it mean?

'Are you so anxious, then, to get rid of me, mon pere?" I asked falteringly.

"It is not that, child!" he cried, with a sudden vigor in his tone. "I owe Lord Alceston a debt which I can never pay. I have sinned against him, and my hand cannot undo what it has done. Through you alone can I make reparation. Remember this, if he comes for you, be a good wife to him all your life, and your father will bless you."

"Does he know of this debt?" I asked.

"Not now; but he will know. When I die he will know, and that will be soon—very soon."

He turned away and left me without another word. . . .

In about an hour's time he sent for me again into the library. I went hurriedly, hoping to hear news of Bernard. But he never even mentioned his name, nor did he refer to his strange words to me in our recent conversation. He commenced talking calmly about something else.

"You remember what I told you about M. d'Aubron and Mr. Carlyon on the night of their first visit here?" he said.

I nodded assent.

"About M. d'Aubron playing cards so much, and being a bad companion for Mr. Carlyon?"

"Yes. Well, I find that I was right. Things have turned out very much as I expected. Carlyon has been led on by D'Aubron to play cards night after night, giving I. O. U.s always in payment—for, of course, poor Carlyon always lost after the first night or two. Now the crisis had come. M. d'Aubron has dropped some pretty plain hints that he would like some of the I. O. U.s taken up, and Carlyon, who has already considerably exceeded his allowance, is almost beside himself. I heard about it at the Casino reading-room this morning, and I went to see Carlyon at once."

"What has Mr. Brown been doing?" I asked. "He is supposed to be looking after Mr. Carlyon, is he not?"

"That is one of the worst features of the whole matter. Mr. Brown himself has been led on to play by that artful scoundrel, and he himself is deeply involved. In fact, both he and Carlyon are ruined unless something can be done."

I remember how pale and distrait Arthur Carlyon had seemed, and I felt a moment's remorse for the selfishness of my own grief.

"Can nothing be done?" I asked. "That D'Aubron ought to be punished."

"There is just one hope," my father continued thoughtfully. "I remember many years ago a somewhat similar case, of which I was a witness, and which has given me an idea with regard to Carlyon's trouble."

"Do you think that M. d'Aubron has played fairly?" I asked.

My father looked doubtful.

"I cannot say; but I am going to try and find out."

"How?"

"They are both coming here this evening, and after I had asked D'Aubron I said that I feared he had found it dull on his previous visit, and told him that if he cared to bring a pack of cards up with him we might have a quiet hand of whist. He fell in with it at once, and I have no doubt that he will do so. I shall watch the game closely, and, of course, if I see the slightest sign of unfair play I shall know how to act."

"Does Mr. Carlyon know?"

"Yes, of course I told him. A most unsuspecting boy he is! D'Aubron has made a complete fool of him. When I suggested this thing at first, he was quite indignant. Even now that he has consented to it, he laughs at the idea of there being any unfairness in D'Aubron's plays. But we shall see." . . .

M. d'Aubron, Mr. Carlyon, and Mr. Brown have arrived together. I have pleaded indisposition, and have seen nothing of them. I could not bear it.

They have finished dinner, and I can hear their voices in the library. How loudly they are all talking, even my father, and his voice is usually so low. Now they are quieter. I suppose that they have begun to play cards.

I am going to my room to try and sleep. I am afraid that it will be no use, for my temples are burning and my brains seems on fire. Will he come to-night, I wonder? Good-night, Bernard, my love, good-night! If I may not call you by your name I can at least write it! Good-night, my love!

CHAPTER XLIX.

NEILLSON IS SUSPICIOUS.

MYSTERY seems only to lead on to mystery. I am in a hopeless maze, groping about in vain for a clew. I have discovered strange things, but they are like an unpieced puzzle in my hands. I cannot put them together. I cannot see to what they lead.

Who was that woman who ordered that bracelet at M. Rouzet's, in Paris? What was her object? And how did she know where the former ones had been made? I can see only one step before me—to verify the death certificate of Mlle. Cecile. True, she herself has confessed it to be forged; still it would be a satisfaction to discover by what means she obtained it.

On leaving Paris I came straight here in search of my master, not doubting but that he had with him the certificate. How changed I must be! At first he did not know me. Can I wonder at it when I look in the glass and see my wrinkled face and snow-white hair?

The sudden shock of seeing my poor young master again so much altered, and the disappointment of hearing that the certificate was irretrievably lost, made me feel dizzy and faint for a while. When I came to my self he had gone, and left only a hastily scrawled line or two for me, saying that he would be away no longer than three days and that I was to wait here for him.

A strange thing has happened. A visitor has just called to see my master, and has been referred to me. I was walking up and down the room when he entered. I looked up and saw M. de Feurget!

"Neillson!" he exclaimed in a low, disturbed tone. "You here, and with Lord Alceston?"

"Yes, monsieur," I answered simply.

"I—I thought——"

"You thought that I was in hiding," I interrupted.

"Yes. Has any one else been accused? I understood that there was a warrant."

"There was. There is now, I suppose. But I have convinced my master of my innocence, and I am not afraid of capture. You will not betray me?"

"Of course not; of course I shall not. It is no business of mine."

I gather from M. de Feurget's appearance that he has grown old before his time and that he is in ill-health. He is evidently very nervous, for this sudden meeting with me seems to have upset him completely. He looks at me in a strange, dazed sort of way, as though he were afraid of me, and I can see his limbs shaking. Why should my presence have such an effect upon him?

He stayed for more than an hour, talking aimlessly and looking often toward the door as though he hoped my master would come. When he rose to go he professed to take pity upon my loneliness and ill-health and offered to take me with him to his home. I was on the point of refusing when I changed my mind. I did not understand M. de Feurget's agitation at seeing me, or his anxiety to see my master. Recent events have made me suspicious. What I do not understand I suspect. I decided to go with M. de Feurget.

When we arrived at M. de Feurget's villa I had a shock. It was the old home of M. d'Augerville and his daughter, which, alas! I had known so well.

There was another surprise for me. We met his daughter in the garden, and when I saw her I had to stop and gasp for breath. She was so like Mlle. Cecile that at first I thought that it was all a dream—a nightmare. But it was no dream, and when she smiled I saw that this young lady was sweeter-looking even than Mlle. Cecile—more English-like. Then it all came to me like a flash. I remembered that M. De Feurget had been engaged to marry Mlle. Cecile's sister Maria. I asked after her, and he answered me strangely, almost roughly. She was dead, he said. I dare say that it was a very happy marriage. Once or twice it occurred to me in those days that she seemed to care more for my master than for this man. Perhaps it was so. It was not a happy marriage. He looks as though he had known nothing but trouble all his life.

His interest in my master is strange. He asked me many questions about him, curious questions, too, and he has tried to get me to talk about that night; but I cannot.

M. de Feurget's manner seemed to me to grow more and more mysterious. He was like a man with a secret—as though he had some fierce trouble hanging always over him. There is another thing which perplexes me. He keeps recurring to that awful subject, although I beg him not to talk of it. It seems to possess a sort of morbid fascination for him. It is very strange.

Toward evening some gentlemen arrived, dressed for dinner, and my host had to leave me for a time. While he was engaged with them I slipped quietly away and hurried down to the hotel to inquire about my master. He had not returned, nor had anything been heard of him. I had made up my mind that as M. de Feurget had guests I would stay at the hotel and not return to the villa that night. But when I tried to settle down there I found it impossible. I was restless and ill at ease. Some vague instinct—a sense that something was happening there—kept my thoughts fixed upon M. de Feurget and the villa upon the cliffs. Constantly I felt urged to return at once, and at last I yielded. I slipped quietly out of the hotel, for it was late—past midnight—and made my way up the winding path bordered with rhododendrons to the villa.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT AMBER.

PRESUMING for a moment that our readers are forgetful of their geography, we invite them to open any ordinary good atlas and turn to a map of the Baltic Sea. If they will now run their eyes down the northern coast of Germany along the shores of the Baltic from west to east, they will observe the name Memel very close to the Russian border. Memel is the most northern town within the dominion of the German Kaiser.

The name of the place will doubtless call up the recollection of the vast quantities of timber that are annually exported from that northern town. Ships of every nationality represented on the high seas carry it thence to the four corners of the earth. The timber now so much in demand is pine, and comes from the forests of Lithuania. It forms a timber which seems to be specially adapted for the builder, and at the present day is known in the trade as "Baltic."

If our readers will again run their eyes southerly and westerly along the northern coast, they will see a lagoon or lake-like expanse of water figured upon the map. This lagoon, four hundred and seventy miles long, is called the Kurische Haff, and is separated from the sea by a Nehrung, or tongue of sand. It opens into the Baltic Sea at one end of the lagoon by a narrow channel called the Memel Deeps, which is only about three hundred feet wide. The word Haff means "a bay," and the whole term, the Kurische Haff, means "the bay of the Cures," who were an ancient people dwelling on the banks of that lagoon.

Proceeding still farther in the same direction, the Frische Haff or Fresh-water Bay will be observed upon the map, which in a like manner is separated from the sea by another Nehrung, and communicates with it in like manner by a narrow channel.

Between these two lakes the reader will next observe a sort of peninsula called Samland, having Konigsberg as its capital; and at the ultimate point of the peninsula of Samland stands the well-known lighthouse of the Bruster Ort. From the most western point of the Frische Haff to Danzig the shore curves gently towards the north, forming the Gulf of Danzig. The coast-line of the two bays from Danzig to Memel has much the appearance of the figure 8, having the Bruster Ort as the central point.

The country along this northern coast is about the most dreary in the world. And yet for years this very spot has been called the California of East Germany. The riches of the place do not consist of gold, but of that peculiar mineralized resin called amber. If we take our stand beside the solitary lighthouse of Bruster Ort, and look east and west along the bays referred to, we shall see the place from which, for centuries, the great supply of amber has been drawn. Although other places and countries have furnished small supplies, no other has yielded a quantity of anywise comparable to Samland.

There is no doubt that this valuable and beautiful substance is the gum of an extinct pine-tree. It must have exuded from the trees while they were still alive and flourishing. The probability is that where the great waves now roll in from the north-east of Samland, immense forests of these trees once stood and waved their fragrant branches. The trees have long since disappeared. Every trace of root and branch and bark and leaf and flower has perished. The beautiful gum only has been preserved, indurated or mineralised by long immersion in the waters.

Amber was long known and highly prized by all nations of the world. The Greeks called it elektron, and prized it for the making of ornaments, three thousand years ago. Its singular property of attracting and repelling light objects when gently rubbed has stereotyped the name into that great force, electricity, which bids fair to revolutionise the world. The Turks especially regard it, and manufacture from it pipe-stems of marvellous beauty and construction. The bulk of the larger pieces finds its way to Constantinople, North Africa, and the Levant. The smaller portions go to Central Italy, Central Africa, and even to the South Sea Islands. In the latter places, the pieces of amber are generally carved into ornaments for the ladies of those lands. The belles of Timbuctoo, they say, are particularly fond of amber ornaments, the clear color of the mineral probably contrasting agreeably with their swarthy complexions.

In appearance, amber is hard and resinous. It gives off a resinous odor when rubbed, and burns freely when ignited. Not unfrequently some "flies of other days" are found embalmed within its lustrous substance. Sometimes a broken leg or dragged-off wing is found in close proximity to the entombed fly, telling a tale some thousands of years old, of the insect's struggle for existence, when the bright mass was viscous. And the flies are just the same as those we see around us here to day.

The method pursued for collecting amber has been threefold—digging in the sand, wading in water to the neck, and diving in deep water in a diving dress. The first method has been abandoned long ago, the result not having been deemed sufficiently lucrative. The modes now adopted are those of diving and wading.

The amber harvest reminds one slightly of the pilchard harvest on the coast of Cornwall. Scouts are placed along the coast to watch for broken weather. When the wind blows in from the sea, as it does so often with terrific violence, the boulders are loosened and rolled and tumbled at the bottom. Then great quantities of sea-wrack are washed in upon the beach. This is the harvest of the waders. Then the men wade out into the water, and clutch and grasp with hooks and hands and nets the drifting seaweed, freighted with its precious burden. Deftly hidden in the roots and branches of the seaweed, lumps of amber may be discovered. The wrack grasped by the men is transferred carefully to the women, who stand in the water as near to them as possible. After a careful search among the tangle and the removal of all amber, the seaweed is cast away. It is a strange precarious livelihood, and a hard life for the poor people, living on a remote and desolate land. Yet they seem happy and contented, and increase and multiply as in other regions of the earth.

The divers wear a similar, and yet differently constructed "dress" from that which we are accustomed to see about fishing shores. The helmet is not set square upon the shoulders, but rolls more forward, in order that the diver, who goes crawling about the bottom of the water, may more easily see the pieces of amber in his path. He has to search among a close crop of massive stones and seaweed. The reef most prized for "fishing" by diving is that a little to the northeast of Samland Promontory, over which the Bruster Ort sheds its warning light. Here boats are stationed, from which divers descend. As the men below are exhausted, they are hauled up by their companions. The inspectors remove the amber secured from the kind of pocket encircling the diver's waist. Then, after a short spell for breathing purposes, the man goes down again. The work is hard, and the temperature of sea and air is often very low; and yet these hardy men in Samland go on from year to year upon their perilous undertaking, suffering very few accidents, considering the dangers they must brave.

The finds are very variable. The largest piece of amber yet found is now in the Royal Museum, Berlin. It weighs eighteen pounds. The usual finds, however, range from the size of a man's head to little pieces almost like the sand. The large pieces are more valuable, and consequently rare. Loose pieces, probably, that have been rubbed together by the action of the sea, supply the smaller class. The larger pieces are those which have been found jammed in boulders or in tangles. The "dahers" will remain down for from four to five hours a day, according to the season or the weather. In autumn, although the cold is intense, so hard is the work, they often come to the top, for their spell, bathed in perspiration. In winter the seas are blocked with ice, and all operations are suspended.

'FLYING.'—The modern "Flying Dutchman," Herr Lilienthal, of Berlin, who took such a picturesque tumble from the clouds with his giant bat's-wings a few weeks ago, had not been discouraged by the disaster of that Daedalus flight. He will risk his neck again and perhaps break it as a martyr to aeronautics. He has become convinced that a bird possesses much greater strength for its size and weight than the most muscular man; but he thinks he can make up for lack of strength in superabundance of ingenuity. He has constructed a little motor, operated by carbonic acid gas, which, while it adds scarcely anything to the weight of his flying apparatus, is capable of developing continuously two horse-power, or more than enough energy to work the wings. It is to be hoped that Herr Lilienthal may soar like a lark to the heavens, but it is also to be feared that he may yet take such a headlong fall from the sky as had not startled the dull dwellers on earth since the terrible tumble of the legendary and lamented Icarus.

FLORIDA.—The time was when Florida was an immense sand-bar stretching into the Gulf of Mexico, probably as barren as can be conceived. But in the semi-tropical climate under which it exists in the course of ages the seeds carried to its shores by the sea, and the winds, and the myriads of birds which find it a resting place have clothed it with luxuriant vegetation, interspersed with tracts of apparently barren sand. It is a land of peculiar scenery, which the pencil of the artist has heretofore scarcely touched. Its main features illustrate the absurdity of the common notion that the landscapes of tropical and semi-tropical latitudes are superior in luxuriance of vegetable production to those of the temperate zones. The truth is that in the hot regions it is only when there is constant moisture that there is a strong and rank growth of plants.

SOCIETY.—The pleasure of society depends more upon females than upon men. Gentlemen expect to be entertained, children are out of the question, and therefore it rests upon woman what society shall be. The pleasure of an evening's entertainment is graduated by the capacity of the hostess to interest her visitors in each other, and make them forget that their own identity is to be lost in the efforts to make every one at ease. That is the great secret of true enjoyment. Some ladies will enter a drawing-room or a social circle, where every person's neighbors appear like an iceberg, and the whole atmosphere is chilly and constrained, and, by their genial nature and well-timed playfulness, throw sunshine and warmth all over the room, till all commingle in that easy and yet dignified cordiality that ever characterises true geniality.

SOMETHING ABOUT ICE.—Beside the fact that ice is lighter than water, there is another curious thing about it—namely, its purity. A lump of ice melted will always become purely distilled water. When the early navigators of the Arctic seas got out of water they melted fragments of those vast mountains of ice called icebergs, and were astonished to find that they yielded only fresh water. They thought that they were frozen salt water, not knowing that they were formed on the land and in some way launched into the sea. But if their original opinion had been right, the result would have been exactly the same. The fact is that water in freezing turns out of it all that is not water—salt, air, coloring matter, and all impurities. Frozen sea water makes fresh water ice.

MEMORIES.

BY E. C. H.

Play me that strain again; a plaintive air
Such as a soul forlorn might breathe to lull
Itself to sleep in lonely midnight hours,
When on a pillow wet with bitter tears,
The pale moonlight in dreary splendor falls.
Ah, sad and sweet. In some forgotten time,
Some day long past, did I not hear that song
Fall on mine ear, interpreting to me
My heart's deep longing and infinite pain?
But listen, 'neath those sorrow-laden chords
There wanders a soft, plaintive melody
That tells of bliss and sings of faithful love.
Even so, beloved, through all my years bereft
Memories of thee flow like sweet undertones
And life's sad symphony is made divine.

Vaulting Ambition.

BY E. Y.

IT was quite early the morning after his arrival in Homburg when Arthur Tyrone, barrister at-law, strolled into the woods to smoke his cigar. He was in no mood for sporting with the butterflies by the Brunnen; he preferred nature undiluted for once.

It was long since he had enjoyed rest like this, and he followed the by-paths lazily, not caring whither they led, only feeling that there was a wonderful peace and purity in the silent vistas of the green that were ever opening out before him. He began to whistle softly to himself. At a sudden turning his whistling ceased, and a muttered exclamation broke from his lips. The cause of it, meanwhile, remained unconscious that any one was near, and never changed her attitude of careless grace. She was leaning against one of the rustic supports of an old grotto, with her head just a little raised, showing the pure outlines of her face. She looked happy, although her eyes were a little sad, Tyrone thought—and how beautiful she was!

She heard a sudden rustling among the leaves, and turned. A quick blush sprang to her cheeks. She met him with a frank smile.

"It is quite superfluous for me to say I am surprised to see you. When did you come?" she said, womanlike—the first to recover from the surprise.

"When did I come?" he echoed; the pleasure at the contretemps still lingered in his deep blue eyes. "How calmly to take things! You might have been expecting to see me," he said audaciously.

She blushed again, and her soft eyes grew dark. She laughed.

"Well, and so I was, sooner or later. Maud told me that you and she were coming some time this week; I saw her this morning—odd that she did not tell you that I was here. Perhaps she did not think you would be interested in the news."

Her companion frowned slightly, and Kate Hawthorne felt she had said something flippant. It was perhaps this unvarnished sincerity in him that had first attracted her.

There was silence between them, which she intended he should be the first to break.

"You should follow that path," she said suddenly, seeing the direction of his eyes; "it leads to the quaintest, most picturesque, and worst paved village you ever saw."

"Does it? Lead, and I follow on," he said gaily.

She raised her eyebrows and looked at her watch.

"Don't be ungenerous," he said gently. "You might give me one morning, at any rate."

"Come, then, if you have the energy," she said, rising from the bench on which they had been sitting.

These two had had a fair opportunity of knowing one another. They had visited at the same country houses a summer ago, and each, moreover, was gifted with a quick sympathy and read the other by some God-given instinct. Their interests in many ways ran in the same direction; there were only one or two serious rocks on which they split.

So it happened that this morning they found much to talk of and many people and things to discuss.

"Ah! how sorry I shall be to leave this!" Kate exclaimed suddenly, lifting her eyes to the network of branches above their heads.

"Yes, I don't envy you your contrast," he answered quietly.

A look of "fight" shot into her eyes.

"My profession requires no pity, thanks: the stage and this," with a wave of the hand, "will stand contrasting as well as most things."

He studied her with a look of amusement that vexed her, and yet there was more sadness than anger in her heart. Her low voice vibrated slightly as she spoke:

"It always troubles me that you will never give us a fair chance. You care for books in which men's imagination has run riot; you are not narrow in your sympathy with the differents sorts of life—then why not allow that the representation of a bit of life, real living life, with the sadness, and the joys, and all the hidden poetry of it hinted at, must be ennobling?"

He was touched by her earnestness, although he did not show it, unless it were by a gentler ring in his deep voice.

"You think me unfair in this? Well, perhaps I am. You do not know what it is to have a strong innate prejudice against a thing."

"Yes! but tell me—why has God given us a Shakespere, and the power to act him if he is not to be made use of? No, Mr Tyrone, I do not agree with you. Love of the drama is deep-seated in us all, more or less. We like to see the poetry behind our dull lives, and if the noblest plays are to win the day, the good people must encourage them."

"Almost thou persuadest me," he said, with an uneasy laugh.

A humorous twinkle came into her eyes suddenly. "If your father had only known I was a 'a common actress!' Would he have been quite so kind to me?" she added rather sadly.

"Of course he would," said his son promptly. "He would have parodied Wordsworth and exclaimed: 'An actress and a woman too!' Perhaps you would have broadened his ideas if you had revealed yourself. You would only have shocked him a little."

"I would not do that for the world," she answered, and she turned away to hide the tears that sprang to her eyes. She could not exactly have told why they came. Tyrone pere and she were good friends. He was a fine old Puritan. She felt suddenly very lonely.

"Kate!" He had never used her Christian name before, and was unconscious that he had used it now.

She turned quickly towards him. His fine face was pale and his eyes very earnest, although his voice was quiet.

"Tell me—do you care so very much for this profession of yours? Is it so very much to you?"

"Much to me! I thought you knew," she answered with a queer little smile.

"I suppose I ought to know by this time. Do you intend never to give it up?" with bitter emphasis.

"'Never is a long day,'" said she, her eyes fixed on a furry little squirrel in the pine tree above her. "I shall not be young—and decent-looking"—and a faint blush rose—"always."

"But until your precious youth and beauty have gone, you will spend them for the public!" he cried. "You are indeed generous."

"You need not sneer," she said, her eyes bright with anger. "And my youth and beauty, as you call them, are my own, are they not, to do as I like with?"

"They are—they are. Would to God they were mine!" The words escaped him ere he knew.

The color left her face, and what she suffered then no one ever knew. Then her lips curled in a satirical little smile, so unlike anything he had ever seen on her sweet mouth before, and she said with a short laugh:

"You are modest, Mr. Tyrone. You really have no need to covet. Most people consider you both young and good-looking."

There was dead silence, as if a thunderbolt had fallen. She dared not look at his face. She could not bear to see its expression of anger and reproach, and neither did she wish him to see the tears in her own eyes. Why she had so wilfully, cruelly misunderstood him, she could hardly have told. At any rate, the consciousness that she had so done brought her no peace.

She was the first to break the unnatural silence, but her voice sounded far away to herself, and the words refused to come. She had exhausted her powers of acting. The strain was too great. The battle between what she believed to be right and what would have been so terribly easy, had taxed her too heavily. She held her head erect, and ruthlessly flicked off the heads of the ferns with the end of her sunshade; but she knew that if she spoke her voice would break, and if he pleaded with her again there would be an end of all her ambitious dreams on the one hand and her conscientious scruples on the other.

So she kept silence. Once she glanced at her companion. His shoulders were well thrown back, and his strong face looked much as usual, except that there was a hard look about the deep-set eyes and a compression about the lips. It seemed to her as if this silent walk would never come to an end, but at last the steep road at the end of the forest came into sight, with the gay white houses on its right, and gleaming Kurhaus on its left. Another moment, and they would be in the sunshine amongst the social butterflies, and she might not see him alone again. She must say something. She looked at him quickly, and found his eyes fixed upon her.

"What are you thinking?" she asked suddenly, the habit of speaking what was uppermost in her mind reasserting itself. She could have bitten her tongue out a second afterwards. What thoughts could he have about her now that would not scorch her with shame! The color mounted into her pale cheeks. She had never looked more beautiful. Excitement had deepened the shading round her eyes and turned their violet into black, and the breeze had ruffled her soft dark hair. They looked at one another for a short time, and then she turned away her eyes.

"I was thinking what a confounded puzzle women are," he said shortly. "I was wondering whether you were—most of you—very complex or very simple, in that your love of admiration explains most of your eccentricities."

She lifted her head proudly, and her eyes positively blazed with indignation, and yet she stifled her anger. She had brought his answer upon herself. She only said, in as even a tone as she could muster:

"Indeed. There is only thing I wished to say," and her voice grew steadier. "It may interest you to know we are going away the day after to-morrow."

Then the old liking for him spoke and swept away her pride. It was too hard to lose his friendship and all in one fell sweep. She said very gently:

"And—we have been such good friends hitherto; will you not be my friend again? I have not many."

Her low voice was dangerously sweet. He dared not look at her. It made him furious, too, that he should have laid himself open to the offering of a woman's pity, or friendship, or whatever she might like to call it. He gave a short laugh.

"I am afraid I am not much of a believer in Platonic friendship, Miss Hawthorne. There are cases in which it must be everything or nothing. In this case it is to be nothing. What play have you coming on next?" he asked, in a cold, civil tone.

Poor Kate felt very small indeed. She began to wonder—had he ever looked at her and spoken as her memory said he had looked and spoken not so long since? Had it all happened in her conceited head only? Still, she rose to the occasion and looked quite as cool as he as she answered his question.

"A very good one—an adaptation of part of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.' The play comes on in about a month, and I shall be exceedingly busy directly I get back. Here we will say good-morning—and good-bye, Mr. Tyrone."

But Fate was not so kind as to release her yet. The two suddenly met old Mr. Tyrone walking with a young lady who seemed to be entertaining him very successfully.

"Eve Hope! by all that is wonderful," muttered Arthur Tyrone under his breath. Then aloud: "May I introduce you to my cousin, Miss Hawthorne?"

And Kate found herself smiling and making civil remarks to Miss Hope and her old friend. The old man and she were capital friends, and she had not the heart to refuse him when he asked her to let her breakfast get cold, and take one more turn with him. Meanwhile Miss Hope and her cousin walked on ahead, and Kate had the consolation of observing that he seemed to be in first-rate form—joking and laughing with his companion. Her cup was full. Woman-like, she could smile when her own heart was sore, but never doubted the genuine nature of her neighbor's smiles.

* * * * * *

It was June, and a brilliant sunny June, such as seldom falls to our lot. The sun blazed down on to the gay sunshades and light costumes of the women in the Park, and glinted through the soft green of the lime trees. London was in full bloom. The sun did not shine upon any fairer face that afternoon than that of Kate Hawthorne, as she reclined in Mrs. Marshmont's victoria.

She was dressed in a costume of soft heliotrope, and wore the airiest of bonnets to match, but as usual her dress was only a setting; people never remembered what she wore when they had looked into her face.

The deepest velvet pansies in her bonnet were not so soft and beautiful as her eyes. A close observer would discern a look of repressed excitement in them this afternoon, not of an excitement that was akin to nervousness, however. It was rather an expression of gratified ambition. Clearly her thoughts and interests were centred neither in the Park nor in the Row.

Mrs. Marshmont found her an uninteresting companion. And yet she forgave the girl her absent-mindedness. She had persuaded her to come out in order to turn her thoughts from the one subject that monopolized them—the "first night" of the play in which she was to take the leading role that night. The girl was devoted heart and soul to her art, and refused valiantly to live an individual life in so far as it was not bent in all its aims and purposes to the public life. She gave herself no time to think.

"Why, Katherine, look!" cried Mrs. Marshmont, breaking in upon her niece's thoughts. "If that isn't your German friend, Herr von Felsen, and he sees us."

Miss Hawthorne followed the direction of the lady's eyes, and there, sure enough, was her old admirer of the spring, tall and straight as ever. They gave orders to the coachman, and the carriage was drawn up against the railings and they were in conversation with him.

The young man positively beamed as he poured forth a volley of German, expressing his pleasure at the meeting. If Kate had not had her head well filled with other things, she must have seen the half-concealed admiration in his eyes. She shook her head at his pretty speeches.

"It is no good my trying to answer you in German, Herr von Felsen. I don't think I could keep pace with you even in my own language," she added, with a charming smile that left him more verliebt than ever. "But what has induced you to leave Homburg so soon?"

His face fell slightly. Was she then a consummate coquette or—more depressing still—had she forgotten his promise?

"Don't you know why I came, Fraulein?"

Then she remembered something he had once said about coming to England for her "first night," but with that came the memory of many other words that were spoken that same morning, but not by him. His civil speeches were forgotten in thoughts of them. She blushed, and a shadow came into her eyes. The blush transported the young man by the railings into the seventh heaven. She spoke with her natural frankness.

"I remember you once said you should come over to see me act, but I did not believe you, and you don't expect me to believe you now, surely." She laughed. "No, business brought you, or else your desire to 'do' the London season, Herr von Felsen."

He gave his broad shoulders a slight shrug.

"Tell us the latest news of Homburg, will you?" she added.

And he proceeded to tell her a good many things in which she seemed to take interest, and at length the ladies drove on, not, however, before Herr von Felsen had told Miss Hawthorne, with as much empressement as the situation and the presence of a third person would allow, that they should meet again at Philippi—or in other words, that he intended to occupy one of the foremost stalls in the theatre that night.

"Really, Kate," Mrs. Marshmont said, when they were out of earshot of the railings, "I do wish you would not flirt so shamefully with that poor man. You will have something to answer for one of these days."

Miss Hawthorne sat bolt upright and regarded her aunt with indignant eyes.

"Flirt with him, auntie? Good heavens! I never flirted with any one, to my knowledge, in my life." She smothered an exclamation of annoyance. "If one speaks to a person these days, one is accused of flirting."

"Well, but my dear child, think of the way you encouraged him in Homburg."

"I was decently civil; that was all."

"You have been 'decently civil' to some few people in your time," responded her aunt drily. "You were 'civil' to Mr. Tyrone," she added with a twinkle, little guessing what a poor sort of a joke her words seemed to the girl by her side.

"We were very good friends," she said coldly.

"Friendship is a dangerous game, my dear. Home, Daubeny," she said to the coachman.

"Auntie," Kate said suddenly, dreading a renewed attack, "let us both have a day in the country, shall we—to-morrow? Let us go up the river and spend the afternoon at Hampton Court. Think how refreshing and green it must all look. Will you go?"

"Yes, darling, of course I will," said the elder woman affectionately.

* * * * * *

She wandered on in the cool shade of the limes. All was quite still, save for the lazy twitter of a bird here and there above her head. A deep peace stole into her heart, and the heat and intense excitement of last night seemed all like a strange dream—and it was better to be awake. A great longing awoke in her to be at peace like this always. And then she began to go back in thought a very long way, and to trace the course of her life.

"Ah!" she almost cried out suddenly. "What a likeness! Could it be he?" She leant against a tree and waited. Sure enough it was he—Arthur Tyrone, by all that was strange. She was very pale by the time he had reached her. Neither could find commonplace words of greeting. There was a wonderful, glad light in his eyes.

"Shall we sit down under this tree?" he said quietly, and she complied, too glad to allow her tottering knees to collapse.

Perhaps he saw her agitation, for he talked on for a time in the old way, just as if there had never been any miserable misunderstanding between them. She could not understand this new wonder of the old friendliness, but the joy of it all soon gave her back her old manner, and in a short time her laugh rang out. Then suddenly he asked her a question that startled her, considering all things.

"You were satisfied with your success last night?" She leant upon her hand and faced him. There was an inexplicable gleam in his eye.

"Yo—es. Why?" she asked hesitatingly, and her color rose.

"I only wondered," he said coolly. "I thought the applause that fell to your share would have satisfied most people—that's all."

"You thought!" she repeated, her dark eyes looking into his.

"Yes. Have I no right to an opinion?" Then suddenly he dropped the bantering tone. "I was there. I saw you, Kate, you are a wonderful actress."

She trembled. "Tell me how it was you went," she said quietly.

"I thought, do you know, that I had not been quite just to you," he said, with a sort of proud humility in his deep voice. "On thinking over things, and amongst them that walk of ours in the Homburger Wald, it seemed to me it was only doing you common justice to give you a hearing. Well, I came—I saw—and you conquered."

Kate could not suppress the glow of pride and triumph that came into her face. Unconsciously she stood up—erect. He rose too, and looked down into her eyes and held them.

"Kate, you are a wonderful artist. No wonder you give all your life, and your ambition, and your love to your art. Your art is fortunate," he added, in a tone of the most intense wistfulness, and his grave, penetrating eyes watched her closely.

The color rose slowly to her temples, and she looked down with brimming eyes and dug the end of her sunshade into the heart of a daisy that grew at her feet. There was silence for the space of a minute, and then she looked up at him from under her wet lashes. She spoke quickly, passionately.

"When I met you just now, I was thinking how unsatisfactory and cold it all was after all. There are times when I hate it."

A great hope sprang into his eyes. He took her hand gently.

"Kate, I am proud. I am not used to asking twice for a thing; but—my love is greater than my pride. Will you give me some of your love? Will you be my wife?"

There was silence only because her words refused to come at first, but he read her face.

"The other is all worth nothing," she said at last, brokenly. "I give you all—all my love! I gave it you long ago." And so she was in his strong arms at last.

"And what about this vaulting ambition?" he asked presently, with a flash of the old humor.

She slipped one arm round his neck.

"It has o'erleapt itself," she said softly, with a smile of unutterable gladness.

THE BREATHING OF PLANTS.

TOWARD the close of the last century, the learned Dutchman, Ingenhouss, discovered by experiments that plants inhaled carbonic acid and exhaled oxygen. The chemical nature of these gases was not then known, and the process was described as the breathing of plants; but when the character of the gases was discovered, it was seen that this vegetable process was the very opposite of breathing. It is, in fact, as is now recognized, a process of assimilation.

Of the solid substance of plants approximately one-half is composed of carbonic acid, and this is derived wholly from the atmosphere. The atmosphere is composed of circa 21 per cent. oxygen and 79 per cent. nitrogen, and contains about 0.04 per cent. carbonic acid, which is taken up by the leaves of plants.

The supply is maintained by man and animals which exhale carbonic acid continually; the earth, moreover, contains many other sources of carbonic acid. The leaves of plants take up carbonic acid by means of numerous pores, or "stomata," as they are called, on their upper surfaces, which admit the air into the intercellular interstices where taken up by the cells, and decomposed. The principal agent in the laboratory of the cell which undertake this work are the small green granules known as chlorophyll granules, which decompose the carbonic acid, eliminating the oxygen and retaining the carbon which latter again enters into combination with the sap taken up by the roots, forming starch.

This process of starch formation occurs only during daylight. At night the starch is converted into other products which are passed further into the tree for the formation of cellular substance or for a reserve, as for example, in the tubers of the potato, or as sugar in beets. The importance of the green coloring matter in plants is thus rendered intelligible. It takes up and assimilates a chief element of plant substance. The leaves are the prime workshops in which plant substance is elaborated, and the energy of production of plant substance, is proportioned to their area.

With this digression let us now return to the breathing of plants, by which must be understood the inhalation of oxygen and exhalation of carbonic acid, as in animals. That such a process is in operation in plants has been known for the past half century, but exhaustive investigations into the subject were begun only in the sixties. It was a common saying, that plants exhaled oxygen by day and carbonic acid by night, but as has been shown, the former was part of the process of assimilation. But the night process is a real breathing process; oxygen is taken in and carbonic acid eliminated. As a matter of fact, this breathing process is continuous, night and day, only during the day it is concealed by the process of assimilation. Everything that lives, breathes.

The process of breathing by day is best observed in plants, in which the process of assimilation is wholly or partially arrested, as in etiolated plants grown in a cellar.

Breathing is a process of oxydation or slow combustion, and as such is necessarily attended with the developement of heat. It is well known that considerable heat is generated in rooms in which malt is in course of preparation. This is a consequence of respiration. The more energetic the breathing, or, what is the same thing, the more rapid the combustion, the greater is the degree of warmth generated. And as breathing and life are inseparable, so respiration in plants, as in animals, is most vigorous where life is most intense. When plants are budding vigorously in early summer, their temperature is frequently many degrees above that of the surrounding atmosphere, as may be demonstrated with a thermometer.

It is evident that respiration is a process precisely the reverse of assimilation. The latter is a process of formation of plant substance, the former a process of combustion, in which plant substance is necessarily used up. Seedlings in which chlorophyll is not yet formed, being incapable of assimilation, respire at the expense of their own solid substance. If they increase in weight and volume, it is simply because of the water which they take up.

The process of combustion or breathing, is maintained at the expense of the organised substance of the plant. Its carbon and hydrogen, attacked by oxygen, undergo combustion, forming carbonic acid and water, which are then given off. Here the question arises, is the breathing of plants a simple process of oxydation set in action by the oxygen of the atmosphere, or is it a mere secondary product of a process of decomposition and recomposition going on in the plant substance? This question can now be answered decidedly. There is in the living protoplasm of plant cells, a continuous process of decomposition, not due to the action of atmospheric oxygen; the albumen divides into nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous substances, and the latter undergo combustion and consequent elimination. The correctness of this view is demonstrated by the fact that plants from which atmospheric oxygen is excluded continue to make carbonic acid. Decomposition of albumen takes place also under the same condition, as I have demonstrated by careful experiment. This breathing of plants is a complicated process; but we may conclude with Pflüger, that in living protoplasm the atoms are never at rest, and that their combustion provides the force necessary to maintain them in motion.

Dead plants give out no carbonic acid except in the process of decomposition. In living plants the energy of respiration and consequent volume of carbonic acid exhaled, increased with the temperature.

This is a matter of economic as well as of scientific interest. Potatoes and grain are not dead but living substances, and the cooler the temperature in which they are stored the less the waste to which they are subjected.

MARRIAGE IN ABYSSINIA.—Abyssinia is a country where, if marriage is a failure, it can be easily dissolved. There is absolutely no legal or holy tie. When a man is desirous of marrying a girl, says a writer in the Century, he applies directly to her parents. The maidens, like those in many European countries, are seldom consulted on the question, the lover arranging with the father or male relatives regarding her dower, which generally means a few beeves, sheep, or pieces of cloth, and sometimes gold. On the marriage-day the bridegroom presents himself with his best man at the house of his future father-in law. Much feasting goes on, till the bride is carried off by her husband, generally on his shoulders, while the male relatives closely follow, making a canopy of their togas to keep off the rays of the sun, or perhaps the effect of the evil eye. Behind come a crowd of young girls and boys, methodically raising their arms above their heads and clapping their hands to the measured beating of tom-toms carried by men running along the flanks of the procession, who also blow long trumpets. The happy couple that the writer saw married outstripped their followers, with the exception of their best man, and at last reached the town green, where the groomsmen formed a screen with their cloaks round the happy pair, when the deferred courtship began. It is a custom for the supporters of the groom, generally six in number, to be present on this occasion, and for many days afterwards to go round visiting the houses of the mutual friends of the married pair, extolling the beauties of the bride and the accomplishments of the groom, generally finishing up with a grotesque dance, which is much enjoyed by the enthusiastic neighbors crowding round the open doorway. Though the marriage can be annulled according to mutual agreement of the bride and groom, if, after years of happiness they wish to cement the tie more closely, the pair simply attend the Holy Communion together in church, and the marriage is then looked upon as indissoluble.

EGOTISM.—Egotism is the great canker of humanity; and its blight is more fatal to the blossom than the fruit, because it nips so many human characters in the bud that never come to any fruit worth mentioning at all. If you master this great incubus of self early in life, you will walk through life like an unburdened free man, with a straight back and unembarrassed hands, among troops of bondsmen bent double under heavy packs. I am not preaching Christianity, but worldly wisdom. You will win love wholesale from man, woman and child by lending a willing hand's turn, when occasion offers, to help them with their bundles, which they will confide to you all the more readily when they find you are not in the habit of troubling them with yours in return.

A MAN that keeps riches and enjoys them not is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

RID YOURSELF of the discomfort and danger attending a Cold by using Dr. D. Jayne's expectorant, an old established curative for Coughs, Sore Throat and Pulmonary affections.

Scientific and Useful.

LAMP CHIMNEYS.—To prevent lamp chimneys from cracking put them into a kettle of cold water, gradually heat it till it boils and then let it as gradually cool.

SILVER AND COPPER.—A new alloy has been invented by a Paris manufacturer composed of silver and copper. It has great strength, and will resist sudden or long sustained strains. The low price of silver has lately made such an alloy practicable.

RUBIES.—It is stated that artificial rubies are made in France in large quantities. These are intended especially for bearings in watches. They are made electrically by fusing clay with barium floride, to which chromium salts are added to give the red color.

TORPEDOES.—"Torpedo scissors," a new form of torpedo net cutter invented by a Danish naval officer, have proved successful, it is said, in recent tests. They are fixed to the head of the torpedo and fall apart on striking the net, cutting it so as to let the torpedo pass through and strike the ship.

A NEW RIFLE.—The new rifle which has been adopted in the United States army weighs only eight pounds and will kill a man at a distance of two miles. With the use of smokeless powder it is said that the man would be killed before he heard or knew of the report. The bullet is to be of nickel or steel.

WOODITE.—Woodite is a new compound of caoutchouc, which possesses all the elasticity of indiarubber, with the additional advantage of being uninflammable and uninjured by salt water. There are many uses for which it is proposed to employ woodite, the most prominent being as a covering for the unarmored parts of men-of-war and for torpedo boats. It is not suggested that it will be very efficient in keeping out shot—the days of that idea are nearly over. But it is stated that it has the quality of allowing a projectile to pass through it without inflicting upon it more than a small puncture. The material around the hole gives way to permit the passage of the shot, and immediately returns to its old position; closing the hole so completely that there remains nothing but a spot on either surface which is quite impervious to water.

Farm and Garden.

THE SOIL.—The organic matter added to the soil increases both the warmth and moisture. When a crop of weeds is turned under the process of decay generates a certain amount of heat, and the capacity of the soil to retain moisture is also increased.

FARMING.—If farming, carried on as it is to-day, in the slipshod way, with the little interest we take in it, and the little time that is devoted to it, if it will take care of its men, women and children, as it does do, day after day, year after year, it is not for us to state that the farm business is a failure.

THE MARKET.—There is a vast difference in the manner of placing anything on the market. A beekeeper says: I have seen choice honey put up in such a slovenly manner as to sell for two cents less than the market price. Again I have seen honey no better put up in a neat and tasty way so as to bring a cent more than the going price.

SHEEP.—Sheep will escape disease to a certain extent if given dry quarters at night and not compelled to remain on damp ground during the day. When the wool becomes wet it does not dry quickly, and the result is parasites and skin diseases. When compelled to be in filth the sheep are liable to several diseases due to that condition that is most favorable to vermin.

BROOD-SOWS.—A good brood sow is one that is careful and kind to her litter, and should be estimated in value by the number of pigs she raises. The sow that kills her pigs by crushing them, or which is careless in her movements among them, is unsafe for breeding purposes, as the loss of pigs will cause her to be unprofitable. An old sow that has given satisfaction should never be discarded for one that is young and untried.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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On Health.

Not only do we forget the delights of health when we are well, but we are liable to overlook the need for the precautions that have made and may keep us well. We begin to take it as a thing of course that we shall remain strong, bright, and free from pain; we cease giving a thought to the preservatives that have helped to build us up into bodily happiness, until there comes a sudden break-down, and then we bitterly repent, and upbraid ourselves for playing carelessly with the greatest of earthly blessings.

The same process is followed by us collectively as a community. Sanitary safeguards are gradually relaxed. The health of the town continues good. We ask whether we cannot save a part of the expense of what may, after all, be little better than scientific "fads;" and so even the official mind is made up to resist the perfection of its system for disposing of refuse or the new scheme for supplying the place with pure water. Then disease swoops down upon the district, and brings a profuse repentance; or some terrible epidemic comes near, and we hasten to acknowledge that, collectively as well as individually, there is no money and trouble so well expended as that which ensures health as far as it may be commanded.

So it is by disease, pain, and danger that we are able to feel the worth and delight of health, ease, and safety; and the cholera hovering near drives us into an appreciation of our immunity from suffering and a pride in the preparations that can combat such a terrible foe.

There is no test of character so thorough as that of ill-health; the most amiable of men and women often succumb and become peevish, unreasonable, an annoyance to themselves and their friends. We may be chastened by afflictions borne second-hand, as when those we love are taken away from us; but afflictions that touch us personally often bring a certain degree of mental and moral disintegration, and make us querulous and exacting. Those who are made meek and conciliatory by suffering must be very pure of heart to begin with. Were there no positive pleasure in robust health, we might shrink from losing it because of the disclosure of weaknesses which sickness brings.

No question leads men into greater extremes than that of health preservation, the robust taking very little care of themselves, while others live in constant misery from their own coddling. These latter regard health as an unfathomable mystery, which they are always vainly trying to probe. They cannot see it as a very simple matter, regulated by a few great principles. The fact is that all practical writing about health must be very simple and commonplace.

It is not the doing of any great thing—as Naaman thought—but the keeping of a few easy rules that chiefly conduces to health. "Is that all?" is the disbelieving question that rises to the lips of the seeker after health. Thus the devotee to drugs cannot be made to realize that the mystery of health is hidden in food, air, exercise, cleanliness and clothing.

The relative healthiness of country and town life is an interesting question, on which opinion probably will be pretty equally divided if the comparison be made with care. There can be no doubt that life in the slums of large towns is much more precarious than life in the country, for it has all the drawbacks and none of the advantages of rural surroundings, and, taking an average of all town life with all country life, the urban people are much the worse off; but, if the comparison be between the residents in the open, well-paved, well-drained streets of a large town and the residents in a village under the ordinary conditions of rural life, it is open to argument whether the sweetness and cleanliness of the town do not more than counterbalance the gain from the fresher air of the country, polluted as it is at intervals by disease-breeding exhalations.

It cannot be denied that in towns human ingenuity is sometimes responsible for the careful arrangement of avenues by which disease may enter the house; the elaborate pipes through which the household refuse is conveyed to the drain often act as a conducting channel by which poisonous sewer-gases can invade the house—for where water can fall gas will be able to rise, unless great care be taken.

But this is a preventable danger, within the control of each householder, whereas in the country every man is to a considerable extent at the mercy of his neighbor, and there is no public opinion on the question of insalubriousness that will back up the grumbler, for those who live by the soil have the most tenacious belief in the harmlessness of all smells that have in them a trace of fruitful ammonia. Let the town-dweller take a walk in the country, which he is in the habit of regarding as an invigorating place, and sometimes he will be fairly driven back to his town-streets by the scents of the village. When disease become epidemic, it not infrequently finds its easiest prey in the villages that know not sanitation even by name. Who does not know the midden close by the well of drinking-water? The country is healthier than the town, but has more lurking dangers and surprises.

We have been writing in a plain way about the plain things that constitute health; and it is not difficult to imagine life made so simple and satisfactory that every man and woman would, at any rate, be able to attend to whatever concerned their health. But now it is not so; the strain of life where competition is the central principle is such that health has often to be risked by overwork or by dangerous work.

So many years for hard work, says the ambitious man, ticking off his years, and then rest; and so he turns with feverish eagerness to the tasks that await him.

It cannot be done. The price will be paid. Nature never forgets her old scores against us. The golden rule for health-keeping is to have a care for one's own well-being, but no anxiety. Let a man once begin to coddle himself, and the days of his enjoyment of life are ended; for the obstinate fears about ill-health which live with us are worse than the germs of disease that lurk in food and drink and air and attack us from the outside, but are repulsed by cheerfulness and a vigorous circulation.

IF criticism were employed as it should be, only for the improvement of work and of conduct, and never for idle pastime, its exercise would soon be limited to those who had the ability and experience to justify it. A fair test of the worth of our criticism is afforded in the answer to the question—Have we ourselves successfully done the work we are criticising, or filled the place of the one we are judging? If we have, our criticisms will be moderate and our judgments lenient; if we have not, let us refrain from giving voice to either.

As we travel the way of life, says Mr. Ruskin, we have the choice, according to our working, of turning all the voices of Nature into one song of rejoicing, and all her lifeless creations into a glad company, whereof, the meanest shall be beautiful in our eyes by its kind message; or of withering and quenching her sympathy into a fearful withdrawn silence of condemnation, or into a crying out of her stones and a shaking off her dust against us.

IT is but a little the wisest of us can know or the ablest of us can do. Modesty is becoming in all—it is the handmaid of truth; but neither truth nor modesty requires us to fear or to shun any knowledge, however small. Let us rather welcome it gladly, only endeavoring to add to it with every opportunity, and to hold it simply at its real worth.

THE sure foundation of the State are laid in knowledge, not in ignorance; and every sneer at education, at culture, at book learning, which is the recorded wisdom of the experience of mankind, is the demagogue's sneer at intelligent liberty, inviting national degeneracy and ruin.

THERE is nothing more difficult to attain than measure. It is comparatively easy for the ascetic to spurn comfort and for the luxurious to deride asceticism, but it is hard for the wisest man to find out how far from either extreme the true path lies.

MEN are not altered by their circumstances, but as they give them opportunity of exerting what they are in themselves, and a powerful clown is a tyrant in the most ugly form in which he can possibly appear.

THERE remains in the faces of women who are naturally serene and peaceful, and of those rendered so by religion, an after spring, and later an after summer the reflex of their most beautiful bloom.

THOSE who carefully note the comparative value of lives in a community will soon learn that the element which counts for most is that subtle thing which we call personal influence.

UNTIL the millenium comes we shall all have a deal to put up with, and had better bear our present burdens cheerfully than to run helter-skelter where we may find things a deal worse.

BOOKS, remember, are friends; books affect character; and you can as little neglect your duty in respect to this as you can safely neglect any other moral duty that is cast upon you.

LEARNING maketh young men temperate, is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty, and serving as an ornament to riches.

ONLY from the solid ground of some clear creed have men done good, strong work in the world Only out of certainty comes power.

STUPID people, who do not know how to laugh, are always pompous and self-conceited; that is, ungentle, uncharitable, unchristian.

IF any man reject drudgery, by that token nothing great or high shall ever come out of that man's life.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

I. O.—To prolong the life of clarinet reeds, soak the reed in boiled linseed oil and thoroughly dry.

VERA.—You will be wise to let the man go about his business. Men who are honest and true do not dangle after girls for two years and never let them know their intentions. Show him that you have a spirit and get rid of him.

SHROPSHIRE.—We never heard the term "Sore throat saint;" probably it is a local one. St. Blaize, or Blasius, is no doubt the person meant, as his special gift of healing seems to have been the cure of throat affections. He was martyred in the fourth century. He was efficacious, too, in removing thorns and other small matters of that sort from the human body. "Call upon God, and remember St. Blaize" is still a formula in distant parts of the country when a thorn or a fish bone renders itself unpleasant.

G. C.—You do not state whether the ivory box you wish to clean is simply soiled, or discolored by stains. If it is only dirty, make a lather of white soap, luke-warm water, and spirits of ammonia, and scrub it with a soft brush. If it is stained, put it while damp, after cleaning, under a glass shade, and expose it to the sun. Wet it occasionally with clear water and replace it in the sun. After a few days the stains will bleach out. If the ivory has a plain surface, use soft flannel instead of a brush, but if it is carved the brush is necessary.

SNOWDROP.—Perhaps nervousness has a good deal to do with your stammering; if it is only a nervous affection, time and patience, and the resolution to get rid of it, will help you wonderfully. Speak as little as possible to persons with whom you are not well acquainted, and go over to yourself when you are alone, slowly and distinctly, any word that you have specially stumbled at. It would be advisable to consult a medical man, as there are sometimes physical causes for stammering that can be removed or mitigated. Above all, do not lose heart or fret over the annoyance; quiet nerves are necessary to a cure of any sort.

L. M. N.—During the Presidential campaign of 1840 there was continued business distress throughout the United States, and great political excitement. It was called the Log Cabin and Hard Cider campaign, and resulted in the election of General William Henry Harrison to the Presidency. After the death of President Harrison he was succeeded by Vice President Tyler, who soon found himself out of sympathy with the Whig party and was accused of political treachery by drifting over to the Democratic party on several important public measures. "Tylerized" was used for years as a political term to designate one who had "gone back" on his party.

C. W. F.—The tuberose is regarded as one of the most important of florists' plants. The bulbs were formerly imported; some from Holland, and some—the finest—from Italy. The native country of the tuberose is not positively known, some accrediting it to the East Indies and others to Mexico, but it is treated like a native of the tropics. Its excessive fragrance renders it always in demand, and for early winter flowers the plants that have not yet bloomed in the open ground are taken up and put in the greenhouse; and bulbs of the previous year's growth are carefully kept until August, when they are planted under glass. The forced plants are rarely potted, but set in a bed of earth made upon the greenhouse bench.

A. A. H.—The first balloon was sent up in France, June 5th, 1783, by two brothers, Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier paper makers. It was simply a large linen bag, open at one end; and the ascending force was nothing more than air rarefied by heat. A fire of chopped straw was kindled under the bag, the projectors thinking that the smoke would carry it up. On being let go, the ballon rushed up with a rapidity that astonished every beholder. In five minutes it had gone up a mile, and after remaining stationary for ten minutes, it rapidly descended at the distance of a mile and a half from the starting place. All Europe was interested in this experiment, which was soon repeated everywhere. Gas was soon substituted for heated air. The first men who ever went up in a balloon were Pilatre de Rosier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, who ascended November 21st, 1783. Their balloon was inflated by heated air, but they made a very successful ascension. Part of the expense of this grand experiment was borne by Dr. Franklin.

O. F. S.—The Chinooks, pronounced chenooks, the accent on the last syllable, constituted a family of Indian tribes on the northwest coast of North America, who formerly inhabited both banks of the Columbia River, from its mouth to the Grand Dalles, broken up into numerous bands. The Chinooks proper were on the north side, and the Clatsops on the south along the coast. The language varied as the tribes extended into the interior. In all its dialects it is very complicated and difficult to pronounce. This led to the composition of the Chinook jargon, a sort of lingua franca used by the traders, containing some Chinook words with terms from the Dutch, English, and many Indian languages, all corrupted into a new form. The Chinook Indians are now nearly extinct, a small band on the Chehalis Reservation in Washington Territory representing them in 1875. A vocabulary of their language, by George Gibbs, was published in this city in 1863, and a "Dictionary of the Chinook Jargon," thoroughly analyzed by the same scholar, in the same year.

THE SEASONS.

BY J. H.

A gradual fading in the summer light;
Bright sunsets dying in the crimson west;
Brown leaves that fall in the quiet autumn night;
A swift decay in flowers we love the best;
A flush of life, slow deepening into rest;
A wintry wind beneath a threatening sky;
Snowflakes that fall, and gather, and then die;
Spring, with its changing winds and leafy vest;
Full summer, with its wealth of flowers that lie
Sparkling like gems upon a monarch's crest.

Vanished.

BY P. C.

EVER since its occurrence, and more vividly to-night than ever have the details of the tragedy which ruined my life remained with me.

It is Christmas Eve, and in this hour, when circles are blithesomely congregating around bright hearths, its recollection alone bears me company.

An hour ago, in the short winter gloaming, I had my guest—when the outline of the furniture grew indistinct, or acquired strange, unwonted shapes, the wraith of Arthur Oswald, my lost husband, appeared to me, leaning against the corner of the mantelpiece, regarding me with such wistful melancholy in his pensive eyes as held me breathless, spell-bound.

Oh, Arthur, my loved one, my lost darling, let no one deny that you visit me thus—my isolation, my lonely, lonely life is cruelly bitter now, yet without your shadowed presence it would be s'en more barren.

Do not scoff at me, you who read my trial and my belief; respect my fancy, an' it be but one; for know that I lost him, my Arthur, before we fully realized the joy of being united. He went from me well, bright, happy, with a smile in his handsome eyes, and tender, loving words on his moustached lips, but—he never came back. You, too, perchance, have lost the loved, the dear, but you have buried them; you know where in God's acre you can stand and say:

"He whom I love, lies here."

This poor comfort has been denied to me—Arthur Oswald vanished.

To-night I fell down before that silent, sorrowful figure in the gloaming, and a great gush of tears filled my eyes and choked my utterance, until I sobbed; when I looked up it had gone. All was darkness, and only a few neglected embers betrayed that the fire yet burned. The silence and the gloom were unendurable. I rose and rang for Hepzibah Black—of whom more presently. She answered my summons promptly; lighted the lamp, closed the shutters, and re kindled the fire. After these things were accomplished, she still lingered, hoping "to cheer me," she said. If I could laugh at anything, it would be at the futility of her kindly wish.

Mirth and myself are severed by murder. I dismissed her; and then without the least hesitation, I brought forth my writing materials, for I had determined to send this tale of terror forth to all the world; reciting it to others may, in some measure, lift its terrible burden off my own weary shoulders—who knows?

Christmas Eve! A grim task mine wherewith to welcome the advent of the joy-bringing festival; and yet an appropriate one, for it is the anniversary of my loss. And, oh, if this be read in any circle whose chain of dear ones still remains complete, I crave their sympathy for myself, Cynthia Oswald, who had but Arthur—the Arthur who had vanished.

* * * * * *

"A letter from your aunt, little one," exclaimed Arthur, displaying the solitary epistle which the morning post had brought us. "Perhaps she has pardoned your imprudence in marrying the poor poet, after all."

"Yes, she has forgiven," I acquiesced gladly, the wish being father to the thought; "but," I pursued, reading the address on the envelope in surprise, "it is directed to you. She writes to invite us there for Christmas," I went on to surmise (it wanted eight days to the festival). "She always really liked you, only, only prejudice prevented her owning it."

I was left an orphan from very tender years, and my aunt, Miss Joanna Staunton, had brought me up, and educated me; she was a rich woman, and had intended leaving me her money, until I displeased her by marrying Arthur Oswald.

Arthur's face changed as he perused the letter. Only the first few lines had been scrawled by my aunt; it was not writing, indeed, it was difficult to believe that her usually careful pen had traced those irregular characters; the remainder had been written by her confidential servant, Hepzibah Black. Aunt Joanna's words were words of pardon; so far had the guess I had hazarded proved correct; but for Christmas— Joanna Staunton might never know another on earth. Hepzibah Black besought my husband to hasten to the bedside of her dying mistress. I was not to accompany him, my aunt, dictatorial to the last, directed her to say.

"Oh, Arthur, are we to be parted?" I asked, between the tears which were flowing at the thought of my relative's nearly approaching demise. "I must go with you! I shall die here alone!" and I threw my arms around his neck, clinging to him with a tenacity which made him smile.

"I cannot take you, Cynthia," he said reluctantly. "I shall travel more quickly without you, and, besides that, Miss Staunton forbids your coming. I shall start immediately—I must catch the one o'clock diligence to Dinan, and the packet for Southampton this afternoon."

For we lived together then, where I live alone now, at Dinan, in Brittany.

The misery of that parting may not be told; and while I stood weeping at the garden gate, watching him out of sight, Arthur turned a dozen times to smile, or wave his hand, or shout: "Good-bye."

The long hours of that weary day dragged by; I would settle to nothing, an awful shadow had fallen upon me; an ominous fear pursued me, until the echo of my own footfall made me start. In the following days I received letters, as frequently as it was possible for the most exacting heart to require, from my husband, yet they never cheered me beyond the moments engrossed in perusing their lover-like lines. What I feared I knew not, but that gloom, which had descended on and surrounded me, never lifted—it haunted me, and was not to be exorcised.

Aunt Joanna had been dead some hours before Arthur's arrival, notwithstanding the despatch which he had used; and he informed me, in his second letter, that she had bequeathed me all her possessions, including Hepzibah Black. His last letter was brief; it ran thus;—

MY CHERISHED CYNTHIA:—"I hope so soon to follow this letter, that I shall cut it very short. Christmas Eve, the day after to-morrow, I clasp my love in my arms again, please G d. I am bringing some lovely jewelry with me—your Aunt Joanna's priceless pearls among the rest. How exquisitely fair you will look in them, my child! That wonderful diamond ring, which the old lady wore on her forefinger, is especially bequeathed to me, with the injunction to always wear it. Do not be anxious, little one, nor expect me until you see me, as you know steamers are not always up to time.

"Your devoted husband,
"ARTHUR"

I gave a little cry, and let the note slip from between my fingers, when I came to the mention of the diamond ring; it had invariably proved a gift of evil omen.

"He must not not wear it," I exclaimed, picking up the letter. "I wish it was lost. Where is the use of a gem that brings misery? Oh, Arthur! that I were with you to snatch it from your finger."

With these thoughts, the heaviness which oppressed me increased—seeming to have obtained coloring and substantiality from the allusion to that ill-fated ring.

It was Saturday, the morning of Christmas Eve. "A few brief hours," I mentally ejaculated, and he will be here."

I chanced to turn round as I thus attempted to reassure my aching heart, and as I did so, caught sight of my face in the glass above the mantelpiece; its expression appalled me.

"Oh, you don't believe it, you know you don't," I cried out, addressing the reflection like the frightened foolish child I was.

I had sufficient sense, nevertheless, to occupy myself in preparing for my beloved's anticipated reception. Work made the time pass more rapidly and my young heart to beat almost lightly.

The hours sped; the dulness of the winter's day was deepened by the descent of the incessant rain. The grayness of the gloaming had rendered all objects without the window indistinct, when a knock came to the front door.

Drip, drip, drip, fell the rain from all over-filled eves. Pat, pit, pat, throbbed the heart in my anxious breast.

"Arthur!" had risen to my trembling lips, as I sprang from my chair, when the door was thrown open and my dear friend Muriel Scott entered, followed by a young man, who was a stranger to me.

"Cynthia, my darling, it is only me—(and somebody else). A merry Christmas to you," said Muriel, kissing me. "What, are you alone?" she went on, for she lived some miles from Dinan, and had not heard of Arthur's departure. "Where's the poet?" she concluded by questioning playfully.

"I am expecting him back every moment," I answered, almost cheerfully, feeling better already for her coming, for Muriel was one of those who never went anywhere without diffusing some of the joyous gladness which filled her own kind heart.

"Aunt Joanna is dead, she send for him at the last moment to come to her, but," I stopped to ask, before leading her by the hand I yet held to a seat, "will you not introduce me to your friend?"

"Mr. William Smith, Mrs. Arthur Oswald," introduced Muriel, "and it is well known what we are to one another by reputation. I brought him to see you at once, Cynthia, notwithstanding the rain," she laughed to hide a little nervousness, and sat down as she spoke.

We met with warmth—he Muriel's lover and I Muriel's friend.

"Now you can make a clean breast of your London mystery," exclaimed Muriel, as we drew around the fire. "He has been dying to tell it me all the way here, but I know you love a good tale, Cynthia, so we will hear it together. Let me hold your hand," she smiled, talking it, "for I know you are a nervous little goose, and this is a real tragedy, is it not, William?"

"It is indeed," he replied gravely, "and if Mrs. Oswald is nervous I had best not tell it, Muriel."

But what woman ever heeded such a warning as this? We insisted, and it was with senses strained to their full tension that I listened to the opening words of William Smith's mysterious adventure.

The midnight train left the platform of the Waterloo Station, as, a porter following with a small portmanteau, I came on it. My position was perplexing; I could not now start until 6 A. M., in the meanwhile where was I sleep? I appealed to the porter. Could he take me anywhere where I could rest for a few hours? After some little reflection, it appeared he could. I followed him thankfully—blindly, never noticing where I went. When we reached the inn, it could not be termed an hotel, and obtained admission, we were informed that it was full, but that if I would wait a few moments the daughter of the house would vacate her room in my favor. Agreeing to this proposition I was after a short interval conducted to the apartment.

Left alone, I looked around me somewhat anxiously, feeling a strange sensation of "creepiness," for the room had an "uncanny" air. I could not go to sleep, without putting it to the rout. All was still; the noise I made in walking across the room sounded ghostly, and when I saw on the dressing-table a collection of valuable jewels, I started back in terrified dismay. My alarm increased as I looked; I rang the bell; after a while, interminably long it seemed to me, a waiter came.

"Take these things away," I said pointing to the gems. "I cannot sleep with such valuables lying about."

"I cannot take them," returned the man sullenly.

"You must," I ordered, strangely moved as it seemed then.

"I will go and speak of it," he growled and before I could say another word, disappeared.

I waited—how long I know not—with my hand on the back of a chair, and my eyes fixed on the jewels, whose presence so terribly alarmed me. I rang again, and again, and again. No one answered the summons; I kept my eyes on the sparkling gems still, as though afraid if I moved them they would disappear.

If anything should happen I should be held answerable. I cogitated, while I groaned aloud. Some one seemed to echo that groan; I glanced hurriedly round, all was as it had been; I was alone. I was sure of that. With a nervousness I have never previously experienced, and sincerely trust I may never know again, I bent down to examine the treasure which looked so out of place on my finger; as I did so, a shiver convulsed my frame, and a stream of ice-like water seemed to flow down my back, chilling me to the very marrow of my bones. I was ashamed of my cowardice, and my shame metamorphosed my ague-fits to fever heat. Then as my attention became concentrated in the diamond, which scintillated with surpassing brilliance in the candle's feeble light, I was convinced that someone or something moved. I looked round "with my heart in my mouth," towards the bed.

A naked foot protruded beyond the quilt.

Paralyzed with fear, I stood, deprived of power to move or speak; a cold, damp perspiration broke forth all over me; I was unnerved.

A moment and I had shaken the terrible weakness from off me. Seizing the poker from the fender, I rushed towards the bed, and tearing aside the quilt, found—a murdered man. Dashing open my bedroom door I rushed forth, the ring still on my finger, the poker yet in my hand, down the stairs, gaining the street, I shall never know how. I ran as though fiends pursued me. At length, hatless and breathless, I stopped, confronting a policeman.

"How now, my man?" he cried gruffly. "What Tom Tiddler's game have you been up to?" And he gripped my shoulder.

Shaking off his hold, I told my story, watching his face, for we stood beneath a lamp; I was angered to observe the look of disbelief which grew in his eyes at my recital.

"Tell that to the marines," was his sneering advice as I concluded; "you've been disturbed in the midst of some villain's work, and want to throw it on the shoulders of the people of the house, that's about it. Come, where's your inn? Produce the porter who led you there."

I stood before him dumbfounded. I could no more have retraced my steps than I could have flown.

"It is down that street," I stammered at length, pointing out the direction in which I had come, while, as for the porter, I knew scarcely more about him than I did about the inn. "The porter was a short, dark man," I stated, feeling how imperfect was my evidence, "with a good deal of hair about his face," concluding, "I was too tired to observe him more particularly."

"Now look here," cried Bobby gruffly, when I had barely finished speaking, "you take my advice, friend Simple, and not repeat that 'cock and a bull story,' or you'll be taken into custody for the murder you tell of yourself."

I ran from him with increased horror; at the corner of the next street I threw away the poker, and then I walked on and on, heedless whither, only aiming to pass away the hours, seeing always the terrible, ghastly tableau I had left behind in the ghostly bedroom of the inn.

* * * * * *

William Smith ceased speaking, and a deep and solemn silence fell upon us, where we sat in such darkness as was occasionally alleviated by the lambent light of the wood fire on the hearth. Drip, drip, drip, fell the drops without, but my heart no longer palpitated in like measure. It sat still with such horror as could find no relief in words. I lived, I had breathed an atmosphere of superstitious fears from the moment Arthur had read me Aunt Joanna's letter until this stranger commenced his recital of this mysterious tragedy; from the instant he spoke my sensations changed, from being on the tenter hooks of excitement I became oppressed with a terrible calm, an enforced tranquillity which froze my tongue, my limbs, aye, and even the muscles of my countenance. I sat there, rigid as death, listening to the story of a devil's deed.

"Are you blind, that you do not see? Are you deaf, that you do not hear? Are you stupid, that you do not comprehend?" exclaimed a voice which seemed to me to fill the room; its accents only reached my ears, they were meant for none other.

How opaque is the human heart at times, or is it that we instinctively shrink back, pausing before exposing ourselves to the inevitable trial? However this may be, I am fully convinced that others have acted as I acted in that moment of breathless suspense, i.e. remained with closed eyes, when one glance would have shown them the awful truth—the blackness of despair ahead, the solitary path through life, that should lead to the solitary grave in death.

I could not face it.

Drip, drip, drip! Silence still within.

"A lively tale for Christmas Eve!" exclaimed Muriel with an effort, concluding with a shuddering, "Oh h! it is too horrible. I am thankful to be between you two dear creatures."

As she spoke a huge log of wood, being burned through its centre, fell and, as though awakened by its descent, the fire flared forth in vigorous flame, illuminating with flickering brilliance the heretofore dark room.

I started from my chair with a shriek, and seized the hand of William Smith—the diamond on his fourth finger had,

scintillating in the sudden glare, attracted my attention.

"Arthur! Arthur! My God! Arthur!" I cried, tearing the ring from its place, and, as I fell down senseless at his feet, I cast the cruel, glittering, demoniacal gem into the fire.

* * * * * *

This is all. This is the story of my life—the life which has known three colorings: the bright, happy shades of early day, my girlhood; that brief, swift-winged hour, when every moment owned a golden gleam, my married life; and then the grayness which may never change until I meet him—Arthur—once again, in that land where for ever reigneth perfect day.

How will you look when I meet you in the veiled future, Arthur? Will the great God have made you more god-like than you were when you walked among men, when the varied meanings which animated your wondrous mind illuminated your mobile lineaments, your poet's brow with the transcendental light shining from pure high thought—is it possible that He shall yet more surely have purged the soul in Paradise which seemed without dross upon earth?

I speak as a fool, or rather as one who has loved and lost; only to the cynical—are not these things synonymous?

But I must yet say a few more words of that miserable time. I learnt later that I had but just fallen down, in my unconscious state, at the feet of Muriel's lover, when Hepzibah Black arrived, but she could throw no light on the mystery of Arthur's disappearance. She was to have crossed from Southampton in the boat with him, they were to have met on board. As it was, in sore perplexity, the faithful servant had traveled alone.

I was ill a long time, and while all was still dark to me, in my delirium, I called aloud for Arthur.

William Smith returned to England, taking the fatal ring—which he had reclaimed from the fiery tomb to which I had doomed it—with him, and securing the assistance of a clever detective from Scotland Yard sought far and wide for my husband, but all was done in vain. Neither was he more successful in tracing the porter or discovering the inn. Were these latter phantoms, then? No, they were real, tangible, as I am, as Arthur was. This is one of those mysteries which, for all its force of truth and realism, will ever remain unsolved.

I have thrown wide the shutters, the moon is sailing through clear realms of azure, its cold, white light falls on my cold, white face—for I am very chill now, my task is accomplished.

I shall go home very soon, I think, before another Christmas Eve, maybe, I shall go to Arthur, who waits very near the golden gates to lead me in.

Fairy Gifts.

BY M. E. M.

A SLIGHT, girlish form moved to and fro to the monotonous whirr of a huge, old-fashioned spinning-wheel. It was a pretty picture that Eileen made, from the mass of short, dark curls crowning her small head to the tiny bare feet pacing across the neatly-swept clay floor of the humble cottage.

But the sunny smile which usually looked out of the large, deep-set blue eyes, and lurked in dimples around the red, full, yet delicately-cut lips, was no longer there. In its place was an expression of sadness out of keeping with the rosy, winsome young face. Now and then, with an impatient gesture, she dashed away a tear which welled up and hung like a drop of crystal upon her long, shadowy lashes.

But suddenly every thought and emotion was merged into an absorbing feeling of astonishment, for a vision had come to the open door, and paused upon its threshold, which was surely too beautiful and dazzling to belong to one of mortal birth.

She was tall and stately, with a fair, proud face, and was dressed in a robe of shimmering pale green silk, trimmed with shining lace, while upon her wavy, yellow hair rested a hat of the same color, dotted over with gleaming spots of gold, as was also the long, drooping, white plume which curled over its wide brim.

After one startled, wondering glance, Eileen made her escape, scattering, in her hasty flight, the snowy piles of carded wool placed near the wheel.

The intruder looked after her for a moment, with a surprised but merry light in her bright eyes, then she entered and quietly seated herself, to await her return; and Eileen, not hearing any sound, stole softly to the door and peeped in, meeting, to her great dismay, a glance from the great violet eyes of the resplendent being, who beckoned her to come near.

Much as this girl stood in awe of this evidently supernatural visitant—probably the queen of the fairy realm—she dared not disobey the call; so she came slowly toward her, and stood with bowed head awaiting her pleasure.

"Why did you run away?" asked a sweet, ringing voice.

Eileen dropped a frightened courtesy as she stammered—

"I'm not used to fairy-folk, your ladyship, and—and——"

With an amused smile as the cause of the girl's flight was thus made clear to her, the young lady said,—

"How do you know I belong to the elfin people?"

With an awed, admiring look up into the lovely young face, and down over her rich dress, Eileen answered,—

"Sure, it is easy to see that! None but one of that sort would wear a kirtle spangled over with stars, and a feather on her hat whose snow seems dotted with sunshine. Though I thought before that the tallest of them was no higher than my thumb, and you as big as I am."

"Why were you crying when I came in?"

"Everything has gone wrong," answered Eileen, with a sudden quiver in her voice. "Father's sheep were bitten to death by a dog, and our three cows took sick and died, and Bridget O'Connell says Brian shall marry Kathleen, the rich miller's daughter; and Brian was my lover; that's why I was crying my heart out."

"If a lover is false, one is well rid of him."

"But Brian's not false! He wants me to run away with him to America. But I'll not bring a curse upon him; for, disobedience to parents is a deadly sin. I'll never speak to him again unless his old mother begs me to."

"That is the right spirit, if you can only carry it out. I suppose you'll take up with some other fine lad, and so punish the mother by making the son unhappy."

Eileen turned one flashing, indignant look upon her questioner. Then she recollected herself, and answered, humbly,—

"I'd not have the heart to do that! I'd sooner lie down and die than have Brian think me false!"

"How rich is the young man? Can you tell me?"

"Oh, he's as rich as—as anything! Let me see, pausing and saying over to herself some names, and counting them upon her fingers, until she had assured herself that she was right. "There are six cows, and twelve shoats, and no end of hens and chickens, and a patch of land. Oh! Brian is very rich!"

"And you!—what have you?"

"I've just my two hands—nothing more!" And Eileen held out the despised members with a deprecating gesture, the rosy, dimpled palms upward.

"Well, if your hands were cut off would you not give a fortune to have them back again?"

"Yes," said Eileen, a little doubtfully.

"So you, too, are rich; don't you see?" Then with a glance round the room, the inquisitive visitor continued: "Do you live here all alone?"

"No; father is away getting cuttings from the bog meadow for the winter's fire."

Then the lady said:

"I think you are a good girl, and I will give you a sovereign to buy a dress with."

Eileen watched her with dazzling eyes as she drew a shining coin from a dainty purse which held a goodly number of companion pieces, as she could see through its silken meshes.

"Please," she said, hesitatingly, "if you have no objections, I'd rather take it for a cow; then we'd have milk for the father's porridge?"

"But one gold piece will not buy a cow."

The eager face clouded, to brighten again at the next words:

"Still, as a fairy's visit would be of little value unless she could gratify a wish, you shall see a cow at your door to-morrow morning. But you must do as I say, and buy your stuff for the making of a white dress, and have it all ready to put on by this time next week. I shall send you an invitation to a grand moonlight festival, and no one knows what might come of it, if you should attend. The fairy king himself might put his powers at your service. Good-bye," and with a smile which warmed Eileen's heart like sunshine her beneficent guest departed.

As Eileen looked after her as she stepped lightly across the meadow she raised her hand to her eyes to shade them from the light and satisfy herself that she saw truly. She had caught a glimpse of a snow-white palfrey, and of a tall figure dressed in dark livery with yellow facings, and decked with gilded buttons and with high-top boots reaching to his knees. Bending low, he offered his hand for the tiny foot of his mistress. A light spring, and the next moment horse, rider and attendant were hidden from sight by a sudden bend in the road.

As Eileen returned to her work it was not to be wondered at if, for a time, the yarn played her strange tricks of tangling and breaking. But she cared not. Her mind was too full of what she had seen and heard for her to be impatient, and after a while she succeeded in spinning a thread so fine and even it would have answered for the clocked hose of the Queen herself.

A few miles from Eileen's home stood a fine old castle, the property of the hereditary lord of the soil from time dating back far into the past. It had been unoccupied for several years, the present owner being a gay, debonair man, who loved scenes of brilliance and splendor, and so had preferred to reside abroad, leaving his ancestral domain to the steward. Now, however, great preparations had been made of late to celebrate the return of the family. Carpenters, masons, and upholsterers had been in full force at the castle for weeks. But Eileen had been too much engrossed with the troubles and trials of her own little world to leave the cottage for a gossip among the young folk of her acquaintance, and was ignorant of what was an absorbing topic of interest to most of the tenants upon the estate.

So it was in full keeping with the idea she had already conceived of her beautiful and wonderful visitor, when one morning at her door appeared the same tall, grave being, in his dark uniform, set off by gay facings and bright buttons, who had led up the snow-white palfrey to his mistress, and had assisted her to mount.

He handed her a perfumed note, with a monogram surmounted by a coronet stamped upon one corner, and said,—

"My mistress requests you to be at the castle at five o'clock on Wednesday.

"Is it in the morning or the evening, your honor?" asked Eileen, timidly, conquering her awe of the majestic personage.

Not holding the key to her thought that a fairy-ring ought to be at the witching hour of midnight, the man gave her a wondering stare. Then he said,—

"My lady would not be apt to receive company at sunrise. You are to come in the afternoon."

Eileen watched him until he was out of sight. Then she kissed the dainty note, and laid it away unopened among her few treasures. As she could neither read nor write, its delicate tracery was an unintelligible to her as so many cabalistic symbols.

But the messenger's verbal invitation was clear; and her heart throbbed with almost painful excitement as she thought of it. It was truly an awesome thing to be asked to a fairy queen's festival!

She had bought and made the white dress as commanded, and when she had concluded her simple toilet, using for a mirror a spring of clear water which had widened into a crystal pond at the rear of the cottage, she hardly recognized the graceful maiden it reflected back to be herself. On her way to the castle she exchanged nods and smiles with groups of acquaintances bound in the same direction.

Many an admiring rustic cast a glance at the winsome maiden as she passed, dressed in her simple but tasteful robe of white, with no ornament save the band of bright ribbon which threaded her dark curls.

Brian and his mother were among the throng, and his black eyes sought her face reproachfully as she went on without deigning to notice him.

Her sensitive pride had been too deeply wounded for her to allow the old mother's keen eyes to see a trace of the real feeling which filled her loving heart almost to bursting, so intense was her longing to hear Brian's voice once more say, in its soft, deep tones, "Eileen, mavourneen, I love but you!"

So she counterfeited, but too successfully, the opposite extreme, and poor Brian almost wondered if it could be the same Eileen whose rosy lips had been pressed by his own at the time of their betrothal—that happy period, now, alas! so far distant.

The guests had all come from far and near, and were gathered in the great banqueting hall of the castle, when a sudden murmur swelled through the assembled multitude. A stately gentleman had entered, with a young, exquisitely beautiful girl leaning upon his arm. She was dressed in a sheeny dress of azure silk, blue as her own starry eyes, whose trailing folds swept the floor in a long train. Sparkling gems glittered from a rich necklace which clasped her round throat, and scintillated, from a butterfly ornament quivering in her golden hair. It was their young lady—the daughter of their feudal lord—born to receive the admiring, true-hearted fealty of a true-hearted race; and as they became aware of the truth the old walls rang with the shouts of welcome from their loyal throats.

Lady Winifred's heart was brimful of romance, and, although her life had been spent amid the frivolities of fashionable society, she was passionately fond and proud of her native land—of "Erin's Green Isle." It was solely to gratify his only child that her father had returned to the castle, and it was with a face flushed with innocent pleasure that the young girl listened to this enthusiastic greeting from her father's tenantry.

She had dressed for the occasion with more care than if she had been going to a court ball, with an instinctive knowledge of the admiration of the rustic class for glistening silks and gleaming jewels; and very fair and flower-like looked the refined young face as it rose out of the cloud of pale blue and smiled acknowledgment to the cries of "Long Life to the fair Lady Winifred!" "Blessings on the pretty face!" "May the sun always shine for the like of ye!" and so on until every good wish in the calendar had been invoked upon her head.

During all the time Eileen had stood as one in a maze, the truth gradually dawning upon her that her fairy queen was veritable flesh and blood—even the young heiress, Lady Winifred, whom she had fancied to be far away in foreign lands.

The truth was that the very morning after Lady Winifred's arrival that impulsive young woman had donned her rich riding-habit, and, accompanied only by a groom, had ridden forth to obtain an idea of the country. Attracted by the picturesque look of a little sheeling, which, almost hidden by roses, stood just the other side of the meadow, she had dismounted, given her attendant directions to ride on to the shelter of a group of trees, and await her there, while she went upon an investigating expedition to the cottage.

Eileen's mistake with regard to her identity had so well-suited her romantic nature that she had entered into the part allotted to her with keen enjoyment.

Now, however, she had another role to enact—that of peacemaker.

During the evening Eileen received a summons to a private interview with Lady Winifred, who received her with a beaming smile, and said,—

"I have invited you to my festival according to promise; and now I am going to make your heart light by reconciling you to your lover. Come in," and Lady Winifred went to the door connecting with another room, and motioned to a party waiting outside. It was Brian and his mother.

After they had entered, in obedience to their peremptory young lady's order, she said, turning to Bridget O'Connell,—

"I would like to signalise my coming home to the dear old castle by making a pair of true hearts happy. I will give this girl as much live stock as will match what your son has, and I will furnish her house, and give a store of linen which will make her the envy of every farmer's wife around. What say you? Shall they make a match?"

"It's a fine offer, and worthy the pretty lips that said it. May you live long! and may your husband be worthy of you!"

Brian's eyes were fixed entreatingly upon Eileen.

Her face was averted.

He made an impulsive step towards her.

"Eileen, mavourneen!" he whispered "can you forgive and forget?"

At the sound of his dear voice the blood rose, and burned like a crimson rose in each round cheek; but still she made no reply.

Then the old mother went to her, and laid one skinny hand upon her slender wrist.

"Do not refuse to make my lad happy!" she said, humbly. "He's after breaking his heart this many a day for a kind look from the girl he loves! and many's the time I've sorely repented the share I've had in his trouble!"

Then Eileen turned to her lover.

"Ah!" she said, with a bright smile, "if I did not love you so dearly I would make believe a little longer; but I cannot. I am too glad!"

Faithful Unto Death.

BY J. T. R.

ONE time in the old days at the dead of night there was a cry, "Fire! fire! fire!" Even in a great city, where there are thousands at hand to render aid, it is a terrible cry at that hour; but on a lonely plantation, how inexpressibly awful! "Fire! fire! fire!" It rang through the wide halls, and was echoed from the negro quarter, in every variety of the tones of horror and alarm.

The mistress of the mansion, awaking at the cry, sprang from her bed, and hurriedly began to dress, gazing around bewildered. For a moment she was conscious only that her husband was absent; but she was recalled to something like herself by the shrieks of the maid who had slept in the room, and who, instead of assisting her toilet, was pointing, with terrified gesticulations, to the ruddy reflection playing against the trees in front of the house.

Suddenly, to add to the confusion of the scene, the chamber door was flung open, and a crowd of female servants rushed in, flocking affrightedly together, like a covey pursued by the sportsman. They closed around Mrs. Stewart's bed, screaming, weeping, wringing their hands, and depriving her of what little presence of mind had been left.

"Oh! missus, we shall be burned to death, we shall, all of us! The fire has caught the staircase!" These, and similar exclamations, and cries for help, filled the air and distracted her attention.

Meantime the conflagration became more serious every minute. Had that terrified group listened, they could have heard the roar of the flames in the hall outside, and the crackling sound that announced the approach of the fire to the wood-work near the staircase, warning them that, if they would save their lives, their flight must be that instant. But they only huddled closer together, sobbing, moaning, embracing one another frantically.

All at once a man dashed into the room, with agitated face and dress disordered. Thrusting aside the terrified maids, he hastily approached his mistress.

"Fly!" he cried, breathlessly: "fly this moment, or you'll be too late!" Then glancing rapidly around the room, he snatched the cover from a centre-table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, covered with books, pretty trifles, and flowers in vases. This he threw around his mistress, exclaiming, "It will keep the fire from catching. Come!"

The sight of his face had reassured his mistress. Juba was about her own age, had been born in her father's family, and had always exhibited the most devoted attachment to herself personally. Above all the servants on the plantation he was distinguished for a strict, religious performance of his duties, for Juba was consistently pious. He was also shrewd and ready in every emergency, and Mr. Stewart felt that he would save her, even at the peril of his life.

Juba, even while speaking, had seized her hand and dragged her towards the staircase. But now a gust of wind drove such volumes of thick, black smoke towards them, that she was almost suffocated, and she paused, unable to proceed. It was not a time to hesitate; so Juba, snatching her in his arms as he would a child, and dragging the cover entirely over her face, dashed into the rolling volumes of smoke, and down the great stairway.

He was not a moment too soon. Scarcely had he reached the bottom, followed by the affrighted maids, before the passage was closed entirely by a dense wall of flame. Neither he nor the female servants, indeed, escaped entirely unhurt. But the table-cover effectually protected Mrs. Stewart.

Juba had scarcely, however, placed his mistress safely on the lawn, before she started up, crying, "where is the baby? Who has seen the child? Oh! it is in the house yet!" And she would have rushed towards the blazing doorway if she had not been instantly and forcibly detained.

The servants looked at each other in dismay. In the suddenness with which the conflagration had spread, and in the excitement of their mistress' danger, nobody had thought of the child. It was an only one, a boy about two years old, who slept with his nurse, or "mammy," as she was called in the household, in a back room in the upper story. Mrs. Stewart's first thought, on her escape, had been to look for her darling; and, but for this, the absence of the child might have been even longer overlooked.

The hall of the house was now all in a flame, the fire pouring out through the doorway as from the mouth of a furnace, so that ingress by that way was impossible. Most of the second story was also burning, and the entire first floor, for the fire had broken out there originally. To reach the apartment where the nurse, probably paralysed by terror, was still with the child, seemed entirely out of the question.

But there was one present who determined to make the attempt. The sight of the mother's face, and the sound of her broken moans, as she sank into the arms of those who restrained her, exhausted by her struggles to escape, determined Juba to try at least to rescue his young master.

"I will go, missus," he said; "don't cry no more."

He looked around, as he spoke, for some means of scaling the second story. There was no ladder, and only one staircase; but the bough of a tree, that overshadowed the house, fortunately held out a means of access to a bold heart and a strong arm. Not stopping even to hear his mistress' thanks, he clambered up the tree, ran out on the limb, and dropping on the roof, disappeared within the dwelling.

How breathless were the moments that ensued! The flames were spreading with frightful rapidity. The eaves of the building began to smoke, showing that the fire had reached the roof. Millions of sparks, accompanied by volumes of rolling smoke, sailed down the sky before the breeze, completely obscuring the heavens at intervals, though occasionally this thick canopy partially blowing aside, the calm moon was seen, peacefully shining down through the rent, in strange contrast to the otherwise terrific scene. The roar of the conflagration had now become intensely loud; and, to add to the horror, there began to be heard the awful sound of timbers falling within the house.

Mr. Stewart had watched the fire in silence, her hands clasped, and lips parted, ever since Juba had disappeared within the house. Every moment appeared an age to her. At last the suspense, thus lengthening out interminably, as it seemed, became intolerable.

"Oh! it is in vain!" she cried, making a fresh effort to rush into the flames; "he cannot find my boy. Let me go myself."

At that instant, through the smoke that almost hid the only window that was not already on fire, the faithful Juba appeared holding aloft the infant. The flames were all around, and in a moment more would overtake him. He made a rapid gesture for some one to approach.

Four of the males, comprehending his wish, snatched a blanket, and rushed promptly forward. The heat was intolerable, but they disregarded it, and standing beneath the window, with the blanket outstretched, they shouted to Juba to throw the child towards them. He had, however, anticipated them. The infant fell while they were speaking, was caught safely in the blanket, and was taken immediately to Mrs. Stewart, who clasped it to her bosom with frantic delight. The whole was the work of less time than we have taken to describe it.

But simultaneously a terrific crash was heard, that made the very earth tremble beneath the spectators; a huge column of smoke shot up towards the sky, from where the roof had been, and a flash of intense flame followed, leaping far up into the highest clouds.

The crowd, one and all, gasped for breath. Then came a deep, long-drawn sigh, for the roof and floors had evidently fallen in; and the faithful Juba, alas! was nowhere to be seen.

A dozen persons rushed towards the building, and, until driven back by the heat, stood close by the window where he had been last seen. They had hoped to find him there. They had flattered themselves that there had been time enough for him to leap.

But it was now evident this had not been the case. He most probably felt the floor giving way, before he threw the child; and if so, this explained the cause of his haste. They said this to each other as they fell back.

There was, however, little time for words. Scarcely had this thought been exchanged before there was another crash, and, with a momentary waving motion, almost the entire building fell in, so that what had been a stately mansion, an hour before, was now only a shapeless pile of blazing timbers.

The shouts, the exclamations, and the sobbings, which had filled the air but the instant before, ceased again at this appalling spectacle. Neighbor looked at neighbor, aghast with horror, the lurid light adding a wild, spectral look to each inquiring face. Then a simultaneous cry rose from the crowd that Juba and the old nurse were buried in the ruins.

But suddenly, from out the flame and smoke, in the direction where the generous slave had last been seen, what seemed a human figure began to emerge, crawling painfully on hands and knees,—a human figure, crushed and mangled, but still with life in it. And hark! a voice—a full, deep voice, coming from that poor, charred body; and what did it say! Not words of pain, but words of joy; words that you and I may bless God if we can say when dying.

They reached him, stooped over him, and would have raised him; but at that moment he looked up at his mistress, a prayer was on his lips, and a triumphant smile broke over his face: then he fell back [illegible].

Thus died the faithful Juba. Over his grave there is a marble tablet, with the words inscribed, "Faithful unto Death." What nobler motto could there be?

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Sixth avenue, near Forty-second street, in New York, has an odd sign which calls attention to a business man who deals in "Misfit Clothing, Jewelry and Bric-a-brac," while at the Jefferson Market, on the same thoroughfare, a man shows a sign reading: "Cut Flowers, Seeds, Plants and Notary Public."

At Tarnopol in Galicia a secret society was recently discovered, composed of some 70 high school boys, of which the object was the separation of Galicia from the Austrian empire and the establishment of an independent Polish kingdom. The boys met regularly an hour before school, to deliver speeches attacking the Emperor and the Pope. The Government has actually prosecuted 18 of them for high treason.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth keeps a number of birds in his library and in the alcoves of his reception room. "You see," he once said to a foreign minister, "these birds are my diplomats. Whenever I receive any one here, he can only make a report as to my amiability, and can seldom understand my words, because the chatter of these songsters drowns all that I say. The visitor cannot tell what I say, and often cannot tell whether I have even spoken."

It is told of Arthur Cartwright, a notable of London, who ran through $3,750,000 in the course of three years, in the days of the late Duke of New Castle, that he invariable traveled with his coffin. It was his habit to keep it on a trestle in his sitting-room in Pall-Mall, and he used to store in it cigars, packs of cards and bottles containing divers kinds of spirits and mineral waters. He was wont to say he wanted his box thoroughly well aired before he required it.

The Shah of Persia has become an ardent sportsman and established a Persian Derby in which 27 of his Majesty's horses recently ran. The owners of the horses which were defeated received nothing, of course, but the owners of the winners were no more successful. It was considered an insult that they should allow their animals to defeat those of the Shah. Further than that, the horses were confiscated and placed in the stable of his Majesty, who thus has a new source of income.

Mayor Pingree's famous potato patch scheme, by which several hundred acres of unimproved property in the suburbs of Detroit were, last summer, planted with potatoes, the crop from which, it was hoped, would help feed the poor and unemployed citizens during the coming winter, is already an assured success. The total will aggregate 15,000 bushels, upon which there will be a profit of $6500. There is now serious talk of making it permanent and putting the work in charge of a regular city department.

The American Journal of Psychology quotes the head of a factory that employs three thousand men as having said: "We reckon that a disagreeable day yields about 10 per cent. less work than a delightful day, and we have thus to count this as a factor in our profit and loss account. Accidents are more numerous in factories on bad days." This is an interesting subject, and one sufficiently practical in its bearing to commend itself to the attention of the factory inspectors late in international council in this city.

The new flash light which the Government will erect at Fire Island consists of a bivalve lens about eight feet in diameter, to be illuminated by two arc burners of several thousand candle power each, so magnified by the lens as to give a flash whose power is estimated at 2,000,000 candles. "This light will have the most powerful lens ever constructed, and, in favorable weather, its rays, projected against the sky, will be seen at a distance of at least 100 miles, while the light itself, which will flash every five seconds, will be visible 24 miles."

The belief in the vitality of mummy wheat is so persistent that it probably will not be overthrown by the result of careful tests this summer on Lord Winchelsea's farm. Every visitor to Egypt is besought by the Arabs to buy wheat which is declared to be a veritable portion of the grain Joseph stored in Pharaoh's granaries, but which is really gathered in the nearest wheat field. The Arabs have even been impudent enough to offer Indian corn, which is of American origin, to credulous tourists as "from a mummy." A few months ago Lord Sheffield, on his return from Egypt, gave Lord Winchelsea a handful of wheat which he had himself taken from a sarcophagus containing a mummy. A hundred of these grains were carefully planted under a glass frame. After some weeks it was discovered that the seeds had rotted away.

The authorities of two of the free libraries in Birmingham, England, have decided to expurgate from the newspaper files all racing and betting news by pasting white slips over items of that nature; and the right to institute said censorship cannot be questioned, since the libraries are free. But the wisdom of such measures, even in a moral view, is always fairly debatable; and certainly if the managers desire to make their censorship effective they must make it consistent by carrying it much farther than the sporting departments of the newspapers.

A UNIQUE BOARD.—The most peculiar State Board in the Union has just been established in Louisiana. This unique institution is the Louisiana Board of Lepers, authorized by the last Legislature. In reality, this board has been one of the most urgent needs of the State. The lepers of Louisiana outnumber all the other victims of leprosy in all the United States. There are fully 500 of them, and in their different colonies in South-western Louisiana they are steadily increasing their unfortunate and miserable ranks by almost criminal marriages with untainted persons. Despite the difficulties to be overcome in the prejudices of the citizens of New Orleans a leprosy hospital will probably be erected near that city, while the returns of the police juries throughout the State will undoubtedly unearth many hidden lepers. The terrible white sickness should be completely crushed out in the entire United States.

"MARIA," he said, thoughtfully, "I want to ask you something?" "What is it?" asked his wife. "Do you think that you'll ever have a vote?" "I do, assuredly." "If you get one and I run for office, will you cast it for me?" She was thoughtful for some time, then she said: "Hiram, I can't say yet. Not till our debating society has passed on the question whether a woman's first duty is to her fireside or her country."

PATENTS

NOTICE TO INVENTORS.

There was never a time in the history of our country when the demand for inventions and improvements in the arts and sciences generally was so great as now. The conveniences of mankind in the factory and work-shop, the household, on the farm, and in official life, require continual accessions to the appurtenances and implements of each in order to save labor, time and expense. The political change in the administration of government does not affect the progress of the American inventor, who being on the alert, and ready to perceive the existing deficiencies, does not permit the affairs of government to deter him from quickly conceiving the remedy to overcome existing discrepancies. Too great care can not be exercised in choosing a competent and skillful attorney to prepare and prosecute an application for patent. Valuable interests have been lost and destroyed in innumerable instances by the employment of incompetent counsel, and especially is this advice applicable to those who adopt the "No patent, no pay" system. Inventors who entrust their business to this class of attorneys do so at imminent risk, as the breadth and strength of the patent is never considered in view of a quick endeavor to get an allowance and obtain the fee then due. THE PRESS CLAIMS COMPANY, John Wedderburn, General Manager, 618 F street, N. W., Washington, D. C., representing a large number of important daily and weekly papers, as well as general periodicals of the country, was instituted to protect its patrons from the unsafe methods heretofore employed in this line of business. The said Company is prepared to take charge of all patent business entrusted to it for reasonable fees, and prepares and prosecutes applications generally, including mechanical inventions, design patents, trade-marks, labels, copyrights, interferences, infringements, validity reports, and gives especial attention to rejected cases. It is also prepared to enter into competition with any firm in securing foreign patents.

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Our Young Folks.

THE MOONBEAM'S SECRET.

BY T. H. L.

THE white lily stood among her companions, a queen of loveliness, but cold, proud, stately—just a queen, without sympathy, love, or charity—like a beautiful statue in white marble, which pleases us, but never fills our hearts.

"Isn't she lovely?" whispered the flowers in the garden, standing with bated breath to look at her, a tall, white, snowy thing, apart from them—pure, fair, without spot or blemish.

"What's wrong with her—what does she lack to make her perfect?" they asked one another, shrugging their petal shoulders.

"A little more color," laughed the butterflies, careering round her in their frivolous way.

"No, no, 'tisn't color," said a modest white narcissus. "I'm white, but I'm a pet with many, even with the bees."

The bees were making friends with the white lily at that very moment, but, dear me! there she stood in her snowy purity; not an atom of sweetness could they suck out or extract. In astonishment they flitted a little away from her, and held up their wings in insect wonder.

"Let me see what I can make of her," said the romping wind, sweeping up to her like a merry schoolboy.

She bowed and swayed gracefully, smiling serenely, like the queen she was; but that was all. The rollicking wind owned itself baffled, and, laughing, went on its ways.

"We'll try what we can do with her," whispered the sunbeams, flitting over her. Well, it was but adding beauty to beauty. There was no response, no answering breath of odor, to bespeak a spirit within; the sunbeams wooed her in vain. And so the day passed.

Poor lonely lily, standing apart in her snowy whiteness, did she hear the whispering, the tittering, going on around her? did she see the shrugging of flowery shoulders? She did, and there came a droop to her petals, a quivering very like like that which comes to vexed lips. But a deep damask rose gave the sorest cut of all, just as the sun was setting in a glory of changeful tints, like to the great many-sided love of its unselfish life, pouring out the very heart of its existence, as it were, for others, not for self.

"It is plain she has no heart," was what the rose whispered to the sunbeams stealing away after the sun, abashed, confessing to one another that they could make nothing of her. "If she had a heart like me, she would pour out all of its sweetness, in voiceless odor, to all around—'heartless,' the world calls those who stand apart, neither giving nor taking, like this cold lily."

Then the wind sped past the lily, on its way home; but it neither halted nor stayed by the peerless flower, as it did among the other blossoms in the beds, for fragrant messages to bear to sick folk, weary folk, and those who tossed restlessly on their beds through the long, long night. No, nothing the wind sought or received from the lily. There she stood, in the gray gloaming—not peerless and upright now, but with head bowed, sobbing over her lonely condition.

"Cheer up, old lady," said a bat, whizzing past her with a squeak.

"How can I when they call me heartless?" sobbed she; "and I fear it is true."

"True—too hoo—too hoo," hooted an owl, echoing her last word with a chorus of his own. At this the lily only wept the more.

"Don't heed him, Lily white,
For Mr. Owl is cross to-night,"

hummed a blind beetle, speaking in rhyme when addressing a lady; at which the wind laughed, hiding round a corner, and hearkening for the lily's reply. But she was dumb.

Then a dove, roused out of her sleep by the noisy old owl, and hearing from the wind what the matter was, said—

"Coo—coo—coo—coo,
We have hearts, and so have you."

"Yes, a heart to suffer," said the lily, "and to feel miserably alone."

Then the wind, moved with pity, and coming out of its hiding, drew near and whispered in her ear, "Lady Lily, suppose you were to take example by me and my partner the sun; I sweeping below here, and waking up all the boys to become strong, sturdy, earnest men; the sun moving above, and wooing all the little girls into growing up sweet, loving, gracious women. We have no time to feel lonely, we are as happy as the year is long."

"But that requires a heart—and a large one, too—to do anything like that," moans the lily.

"Oh! say, it wants a heart," returned the wind sharply; for it was annoyed to see her drenched with useless tears.

And she was drenched with tears. A glow-worm said it was the night dew upon her cheeks, pertly mounting up a jessamine spray with his lantern to have a peep at her; but he was wrong, she was literally drenched with tears. And her sobs—children, did you ever hear a lily sob? If not, I cannot describe it. The very moonbeams, sweet unearthly things, were moved with a great pity and wonder when they heard it, and came gliding down through the starry night, on a gossamer ladder of their own, to know what new sorrow was abroad on the earth.

"What ails thee, fairest of flowers?" asked one, in a voice sweeter than that of a zephyr.

"Oh! don't call me that, call me most heartless of flowers—heartless; that is what my companions name me. Think of what that means for a flower, through its long summer of existence," came like a wail from the lily-cup.

"Nay, lily, a heart is thine; thy tears testify thereto; but it requires breaking, opening, ere it will give or receive life's blessing."

"How?" asked the lily, lifting her pure, white, wondering face.

"Ah! lily, it is a secret power all earth's children must know, ere they will expand into full, true life."

"How?" This was all the lily panted. The moonbeam poised in mid-air before her, one finger, tipped with silver, uplifted.

The beautiful mite bent forward, and whispered into the lily's ear. Children, a mighty secret it was which the moonbeam imparted to the lily; it transformed the peerless flower into something even more peerless. It was as if some hidden recess of her nature had been opened, whence flowed out that which put the finishing-touch to her being; she gave forth a sweet perfume to the startled night air, at which the waiting moonbeams held up their pearly hands. Then the fair noiseless creatures stole away, leaving the lily alone.

But with morning light a glad surprise stirred the flower-beds to their centre. There stood the lily among them, swaying in the wind, the sunbeams caressing her with golden fingers, tossing with lavish hand her newly-found sweetness to right and left.

"She is perfect now; the lily has found her heart," cried a chorus of flower voices, while the wind came with a rush of pleasure to receive and carry away of her refreshing odor far and wide to the weary world: the bees with their usual thrift bore away of the same, to lay by in store for the dearth of winter; and she, the lily, transformed, stood amid all, with pure sunbright face, a creature of responsive life.

Now, children, do you know the moonbeam's secret? It is a word of four letters—that which binds the great world together, the oil to the wheels, the sweetness to the cup, the all-in-all of life. Who will be human moonbeams, bearing this magic charm to closed, unblessed hearts—a charm which, the truest Book in the world assures us, never fails? Who will take it, and bear it through life—who?

THE NEAPOLITAN WOMEN.—A carriage in the streets, a box at San Carlos, are the two things which every lady must have in Naples, and which are enough to make her perfectly happy. How some of the ladies get their fine clothes and their tickets, and carriages for the theatre, with their small incomes, would frequently be a mystery, were it not well known that husbands permit their wives to accept such indulgences from their male acquaintance, or lovers, when they are either unwilling or unable to pay for them themselves.

When a girl is not married at thirteen or fourteen years of age, which now happens less frequently than formerly, she rarely fails to have a lover, when, in Northern countries, she would be considered still a child; and the tender interest of such a connexion entirely engrosses her young mind, and all thought of further education is at an end, at the very time when its influence is most required.

After marriage, no idea of rendering home comfortable or agreeable to their husbands ever enters the minds of the women; they seem rarely to have a sense that any duties are attached to the union they have formed. Utterly ignorant of domestic concerns, as well as of the affairs of life, the young wife too often finds that her influence over the affections of her husband is of short duration. It rarely survives the birth of her first child.

Neglected and betrayed, and without principles to direct her course, or check the fiery passions of her nature, it can scarcely be wondered at, that a young creature, under such circumstances, listens to the advances of the first lover that pleases her fancy; and the solid happiness of her life is destroyed for ever. Her mind, engrossed by passion, her children, if she has the misfortune to have a family, are neglected and left to the care of some wretched servant, who, the confidante of her mistress' shame, however abandoned or dishonest she may be, can neither be reproved nor dismissed; the household falls into disorder, and by degrees, the woman thus lost advances in years, she becomes callous to the stings of conscience, or the language of reproach, and pursues her course without scruple or shame.

From the cradle to the grave, the Neapolitan women may be said to think of no to-morrow. The pleasure of the day, and the gratification of some momentary passion, are their sole pursuits. Their modes of thinking are totally different from the virtuous females of Northern countries; and yielding to the influence of every transitory impulse, which with them is a passion, they are utterly ignorant of all those feelings of delicacy and scruples of innocence and shame, which spring from righteous principles and native modesty.

Even the chaste are without those sentiments of truth and dignified virtue which awaken respect. The injured wife will breathe her sorrows to her washerwoman or her cook, with the same trusting confidence that she relates them to her friends; for though their position may be different, education has made little distinction between her and her menials.

Though decked in fine clothes, and able, perhaps, to sing or play, it is too often the case that she remains as essentially vulgar in mind and conduct as the washerwoman she chooses as her confidante. Divorce being impossible, husbands, to save their own honor, are externally polite; and with such a sanction, society receives the most corrupted women, without questioning the character of her who has not too openly infringed its laws. Thus vice glides on unpunished and unshrinking to old age, when—if remorse is at length awakened by superstition—it benefits no other human being but the few from whom it seeks to purchase consolation and absolution.

THE LAST RESOURCE.—(Father, expostulating with his son)—"James, I am grieved beyond expression to see the cruel way in which you have been going on lately. I have tried you at everything, and you have failed in everything. I put you in a merchant's office, and you were ignominiously sent about your business. I bought you a commission in the army, and you were very quickly recommended to sell out. In despair, I started you as a coal and wine merchant, and general commission agent, but you didn't clear sufficient to pay for your boots and shoes. At last I got you a lucrative post in the Mutual Philanthropic Loan Office, but even they wouldn't have any thing to do with you. It's painfully clear to my mind, James, that you are not fit for anything. Under these circumstances, there is but one thing left now—I must get you a situation under Government!"

PROTECT THE EYES.—Don't allow a cold wind to strike the eyes.

Don't have colored shades on the lamps; use white or ground glass.

Don't go directly from a warm room into a cold raw atmosphere.

Don't open the eyes under the water in bathing, especially in salt water.

Don't let any strong light, like that from electricity, shine directly into the eyes.

Don't strain the eyes by reading, sewing or any other like occupation, with an imperfect light.

Don't bathe inflamed eyes with cold water; that which is as warm as can be borne is better.

LATIN seems to have been the favorite language with the men that decided what should be the mottoes upon the coats of arms of the States. Elaborate Latin mottoes are commoner West than East. Maine is the only State to have for its motto a single Latin word, and Maryland is the only one having an Italian motto, the famous "Fatti maschi, parole femine" (Deeds are masculine, words are feminine)."

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Cholera has caused 2,000,000 deaths in Russia since 1832.

Every Mormon pays ten per cent. of his income to the Church.

Eight million people in the United States own their own homes.

Tea was first grown in China towards the end of the ninth century.

The total number of miles of railroad constructed in England amounts to 20,546.

Herr Lang, of Hamburg's sanitary corps, has rescued 300 persons from drowning.

The practice of burials in churches was commonly discontinued in France about 1777.

In proportion to the population there are more theatres in Italy than in any other country

Fruit wrapped in heavy brown paper will stand 15 degrees more cold than if not wrapped

An average of 3000 umbrellas are constantly in the lost parcel office of the New York Elevated

Sea water has a most beneficial effect upon horses, and the plunges are popular at seaside resorts.

Russian railways are the most dangerous. Thirty persons in every 1,000,000 passengers are killed or hurt.

A house which has recently been built in Boston possesses no closets, the architect having forgotten them.

Many Chinese books are made of wood, each page being cut from a block, after the manner of an engraving.

A New York man was recently arrested and imprisoned, although the name given in the summons was not his own.

A report shows that there are 2173 persons in the world known to have six fingers on one hand, and 431 with seven fingers.

A colored man of Anderson, Indiana, is bringing a suit for $7,000,000 against the city of Cincinnati to recover land owned by his father

It would take an express train, running continuously at the rate of 3000 feet a minute, 283 years to reach the sun from this planet.

Most of the residents of Rome, Italy, have taken up bicycle riding, and can be daily seen traversing the historic streets on their wheels.

A 16-year-old Kentucky boy, who had been deaf and dumb since his birth, had his faculties suddenly restored recently while bathing in a pond.

Baltimore's estimated population at present is 512,000. This is based on the census of the voters just taken by the police. The city had a population of 434,439 in 1890.

The longest continuous cataleptic sleep known to science was reported from Germany in 1891, the patient having remained absolutely unconscious for four and a half months.

There are fewer deaths by railway accidents in Persia than in any other country. The fact that there is only about 20 miles of railroad in Persia may have something to do with it

The consumption of beer in the world during 1893 amounted to over 4,500,000,000 gallons; Germany heading the list with 1,302,132,074 gallons, and the United States taking third place.

The State of Mississippi is proposing to discontinue the penitentiary system, and to establish a farm on which its convicts will be employed. It is proposed to purchase a farm of not less than 5000 acres.

A sign of the agricultural depression in England is the Duke of Northumberland's inability to find a tenant who will pay $300 a year for a farm of 130 acres in Surrey, with a farm house, cottage and two sets of farm buildings

A French inventor thinks that explosive bullets filled with pepper would be most useful for wholesale massacre of the enemy in the next war. They would have the two-fold result of blinding the enemy and fostering French trade with its colonies.

In Oakland, Cal., a boy got caught between the wheel and body of a watering cart. Bystanders rescued him from danger of death and ripped up a plank of the sidewalk to pry him out. The owner of the sidewalk demanded 50 cents for the use of the plank.

A West Virginia man made a journey in the country on horseback Shortly afterward the horse returned ridderless, and, by unmistakable signs in running backwards and forwards, led the man's two sons to the woods, where their father had fallen from the saddle dead.

White horses are to be barred from military service in Germany. The Emperor has ordered that no more shall be purchased for the army, and those now in use are to be sold. He thinks that in a war white horses would be especially conspicuous, because of the use of smokeless powder, and would afford an easy mark for the enemy.

MY LOVE.

BY W. W. LORD.

My love's fond eyes are gray,
They gaze on me
So earnestly,
And brighter is the day
When by her side I stray.

My love's dear voice is sweet,
With joy complete
My pulses beat,
And life is all complete,
When heart to heart we meet.

SOME ALGERIAN CUSTOMS.

An acquaintance with the Koran and its doctrines teaches us something about the Arabs of Algeria, who, in spite of thirty years of French influence, are still good Moslems, and much addicted to the traditions and beliefs of their forefathers. The few following precepts from the holy book are therefore given, because they have a certain value as portraiture as well as being interesting in themselves.

"When you seek a favor, apply yourself to the person who has the most complaisant look."

"He who first gives a salutation is free from pride."

"God hates disorder and uncleanliness."

"When a person falls into a rage, let him be silent."

"When a person standing up becomes angry, let him sit down, and if he is still angry, let him laugh."

"God hates the man who has a proud look in the presence of his companions."

"When a man sneezes, his companions must congratulate him; but if he sneezes thrice, there is no need to do so, since he is then supposed to have a cold in the head."

"When a man is ill for three days he is relieved of all his sins, and becomes again as pure as when his mother gave him birth."

"When a fly falls into your cup you must submerge it altogether, and then take it out; because in the one of its wings there is a disease, and in the other the cure for it."

The above, some of which are as sensible as others are eccentric, are fairly typical of the mass of instruction which the Koran offers to good Mohammedans. They will not stand the severe rational tests we of the North would apply to them, but they serve the superstitious and ignorant Arabs very well. The tourist who travels third class in Algeria and finds himself perforce in the society of three or four rather formidable-looking Kabyles in dirty old gowns from their heads to their bare knees, may wonder at the unanimity with which they give him "good morning," but if he understands the Koran he may see sufficient reason for it. He will not then, however, have an inordinately high opinion of himself on the strength of the greeting. For he will know well that, though outwardly civil to him, the worthy fellows really desire anything rather than his company. Nor will he find much comfort in the Algerian proverb which says that the Arabs wear their tunics long in order that, when they approach Paradise, a certain number of the more excellent Christians may enter with them by hanging on to their skirts.

But after a few days' sojourn in Algeria it is impossible not to convict the natives of disregard of the Koran in matters of cleanliness. I have traveled on the main Algerian line of railway with Kabyles over whose garments the procession of unnameable vermin has been constant for an hour—a procession troubled only by the erratic skipping into its midst of other vermin, less obnoxious indeed, but still calculated to make a scrupulous European feel uneasy. Perhaps the men themselves had washed in cold water that morning. But of what account was that if they were content after their ablutions to cover themselves with filthy rags, the mere sight of which provoked the beginnings of nausea?

Not that the Arabs profess to be indifferent to the vermin, like certain Spaniards and Greeks. They have divers remarkable recipes for their extermination. Here is one of them: "To get rid of fleas, you must take a palm leaf, rub it with unsalted mutton fat and then stick it in the wall. Afterwards repeat a prayer three or seven times. Meanwhile the fleas will have run to the stick. All you have then to do is to burn this when you think you have secured a sufficient number of them."

Perhaps this remedy may be applied for home use. If it serves the Arabs it may be good for us also. Upon the whole, however, it is but little more sensible than the Algerian cure for a headache. "Do as the Prophet did and take," says the doctor, "some cat's flesh and pound it with milk and butter. A pinch of this in the nostrils gives immediate relief."

To the Arabs a bad smell is an invisible demon, either male or female, and when a true believer is met by one it is his duty to pray for help against the enemy. Notwithstanding this doctrine, however, a European does not find the back streets of Algiers or Constantine as sweet as they might be. In the latter place, especially, I have had to guard my nose for five mimutes on end while in that amazing Gorge of the Rummel, the townward cliffs of which were streaked with the ooze of blood from slaughter-houses foul garbage draping them like a curtain. Among the modern Algerians, touched by the transforming wand of civilization, familiarity seems to have bred contempt for this class of demon.

The older Kabyles of the mountains, as may be supposed, think but lightly of their present condition in contrast with their earlier independence, when they could act as they pleased without incurring an undue liability for their deeds. "In the good old times," one of them remarked lamentingly not long ago, "when we were free, every one was his own master. The brave man feared nobody; he killed his enemy without pity—and also without remorse. A man's life was of no more account than a fly's."

Of course it is different now. The French intruders have their barracks here, there and everywhere, and their martial red legs are bound to show where one village of Kabyles has opened up a mortal feud with another village. Like enough the warriors of civilization are glad of the pretext to do a little, or more than a little, extermination—for the good of the great cause of enlightened humanity.

Grains of Gold.

Covet all, lose all.

A fat chicken makes a lean will.

A man in debt is stoned every year.

A young man idle, an old man needy.

A bird is known by its note, a man by his talk.

Bacchus has drowned more men than Neptune.

A spur in the head is worth two in your heel.

The rich man's foolish sayings pass for wise ones.

A penny worth of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow.

A good word for a bad one is worth much and costs little.

A sluggard takes a hundred steps because he would not take one in due time.

This old world is so full of beauty that a man has to shut his eyes and walk in the night time not to see it.

Esteem cannot be where there is no confidence; and there can be no confidence where there is no respect.

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those therefore that dare lose a day are dangerously prodigal; those that dare misspend it are desperate.

For our own self-culture we can never afford to evade responsibility. If we do, we lessen our influence and weaken our character. In one sense we never can evade it, for in refusing one we take another.

Femininities.

There are nearly 2000 women practicing medicine in the United States.

A New York woman was recently arrested for smoking a cigarette on the street.

The "bachelor" girl is now the term applied to the young woman who leaves the paternal home and strikes out for herself.

William Morris, the English poet, says, "any woman can learn mathematics, but it takes a lot of skill to manage a house well."

Pneumatic skates are the latest invention in England, and the first pair was sold to a Scotch housewife, who does her shopping on them.

He: "It is strange, dear, we cannot speak without quarreling!"

She: "And yet when we quarrel we don't speak."

Mrs. Potter Palmer, Mrs. Charles Henrotin and other influential women led a feminine uprising that has resulted in the closing of Chicago's gambling establishments.

A plucky 12-year-old Hinckley girl saved her 2-year-old brother during the recent fire by running along the railroad track to a neighboring swamp with the little fellow on her back.

Fanny Crosby, the blind Methodist hymn writer, is now 70 years of age. She has written about 3000 Sunday-school hymns. In 1858 she was married to a physician, who was blind also.

A few days ago Elmore Gilmore, a country schoolteacher of Eckerty, Ind., married a farmer's pretty daughter. Three days later a letter was received from a firm of barristers in Ireland stating that the bride had fallen heir to $3,000,000.

In Paris recently a lady asked for a divorce from her husband because he would not allow her to engage and discharge servants at her will. In a fit of temper she dismissed a cook and housemaid, and they were ordered by the master to remain.

Teacher: "Harry, if a basket of peaches costs $1 and there are fifty peaches in the basket, how much does one peach cost?" Juvenile pupil: "I—I don't know, ma'am. We don't never have to buy peaches at our house. My papa's a baggage man on a 'xpress train."

When the high-wheeled bicycles were introduced into Morocco, the Sultan of that country used them as a means of punishing his wives. The offending women were compelled to ride them, and when they fell off, the Sultan exclaimed, "Bismallah!" and laughed.

The little Archduchess Elizabeth is the constant companion of her mother, and a favorite with her grandfather, the Emperor of Austria. The child possesses, it is said, the smallest dog in existence. It is only five inches high and weighs less than half a pound.

Vienna is having its girl anarchists. Fraulein Glass, a pretty girl still in her teens, with dark and windblown hair, has recently led a successful strike there; and Amelia Ribs, whose pretty head holds all the wisdom of 17 years, has been talking anarchy two hours a day to immense audiences.

Miss Ellen Triantillo, of Boston, and Stillianos Billies, of Springfield, Mass., were married recently, in the latter city, by Rev. Agathadorus A. Papageorgopulnas, of New York. After the ceremony the Greek national dance was footed, and everybody kissed the groom instead of the bride.

Equal parts of castile soap, orris root and precipitated chalk is one of the best tooth powders known. Plain castile soap, used every two days, will keep sound teeth in good condition. Chalk is the principal element in all tooth powders; the precipitated is a trifle whiter, though no better than the prepared chalk. Flavored with orris or wintergreen, chalk is one of the few, perfectly harmless dentrifices on the market.

A colored woman presented herself as a candidate for confirmation in the diocese of Florida, and was required to say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments. She got through with the first two fairly well, as somebody had evidently been coaching her, but when it came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and then remarked in a confidential tone to the clergyman:

"De fact is, Mr. Turpin, I hasn't been practicing de Ten Commandments lately."

The women of Topeka, Kansas, have recently organized for thorough dress reform. The new dress is to consist of Turkish trousers covered by a skirt reaching to the fold, a close or loose waist, as the wearer may prefer, and cloth leggings to match the trousers. It is the intention of the women to organize into relief squads, so a number of them may be on the streets all day, and thus the community will become familiar with the reform.

The mental condition of a young French woman at Brussels is now being inquired into by medical men in that city. She seemed to be suddenly smitten with an extraordinary mania for kissing men in the street, and for this she has been arrested. Some of them, it appears, were ungallant enough to complain of her conduct, and a policeman was sent to her place of residence to take her into custody. At the police station the woman tried hard to embrace the chief official on duty, but in this case she failed.

Masculinities.

There is no deception so dangerous as self-deception.

No man is as good at home as his picture looks in his neighbor's album.

You never find a man who owns a diamond scarfpin wearing long whiskers.

The Prince of Wales says the favorite book of his youth was Robinson Crusoe.

Lord Breadalbane can ride 100 miles in a straight line on his estate in Scotland.

A man was fined $5 for using profane language on the streets of Boston recently.

Much as a man admires the truth, he prefers to have it told about some other fellow.

Large quantities of beer have been recently smuggled into Alaska concealed in barrels of sugar.

Mr. Marvil, who is running for the Governorship of Delaware, is a manufacturer of peach baskets.

A Sioux Falls farmer was totally deaf until stung by a swarm of bees recently. Now he can hear perfectly.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems to me like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

With an iron constitution, steel nerves, brass cheeks and a silver tongue a man can line his pockets with gold and tin.

Flammarion, the French astronomer, ascribes to astronomical cranks the idea that Mars has been trying to signal this planet.

The Kaiser is allowed a salary of $3,-852,000 a year, which is just twice the amount granted by the British Parliament to Queen Victoria.

It is estimated that about 300,000 carrier-pigeons belong to various societies in Germany, and of this number fully 6000 are kept for army use.

Bath tubs are to be placed in Chicago school buildings, and hereafter the cleanliness of the pupils will be looked after by men and women janitors.

In 100 home families in New York, on the average, are found 63 that hire their homes, 15 that own with incumbrance and 22 that own without incumbrance.

Judge Pell, of Blair county, Pa., declines to disturb a verdict a jury in his court secured by flipping a cent. In her blindness, Justice is likely to get an occasional toss.

It is only in countries in which the use of the cigarette displaces all other forms of the weed that smoker's cramp is heard of. This affection is common enough in Spain.

A novel suit is being brought by an Indiana woman against a number of prominent people of that State. She wishes to recover $500, which, she alleges, her husband lost to them.

A court in Toledo, O., has appointed three women to act as appraisers of a decedent's estate, probably the first time women have been thus officially recognized. The estate is that of a woman.

Mrs. McSwatters: My dear, a tramp came here to-day and stole some of my freshly-made biscuits.

McSwatters, getting his revolver: Where is he? I'll soon put him out of his agony!"

A school district in Grand county, Kan., contains but one family. The father, mother and oldest son have elected each other trustees, and appointed the eldest daughter, at $35 a month, to teach the younger children.

As fishes migrate into deeper water the spots and stripes, so conspicuous among many forms living on the surface and in shallow water, disappear, and the coloration of the body becomes more evenly distributed uniform.

Professor Ernst Curtius, the eminent Greek historian and scholar, who lately celebrated his 80th birthday, has, among his school-boy day relics, a note in which his teacher censures him for being backward in his Greek.

A German doctor has been publishing the results of a long course of visual examination. He finds that only in one case out of 15 are both eyes in good condition. In 7 cases out of every 10 people possess one eye which is stronger than the other.

Friend: "That villain in your new play is a masterpiece. Where did you get the character?"

Dramatist: "I imagined a man possessed of all the varieties of wickedness which my wife ascribes to me when she gets mad."

New police rules at Atlanta, Ga., forbid patrolmen on duty to smoke, or to carry walking canes or umbrellas. These strict rules are causing much complaint among the police and citizens of Atlanta whose ideas are less puritanic than those of the Police Board.

Those people who fancy that all of Africa may be described by the phrase "the Dark Continent" will probably be surprised to learn that there is a girls' seminary at Wellington, Cape Colony, having a faculty of twenty professors, and numbering on its list of pupils more than a thousand descendants of English, Dutch and French settlers.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Young girls are taking very much to little toques or stringless bonnets; and it is quite an art to get up little bits of things that will be young enough for this purpose. One sent out this week was a bandeau of jet, with a crown of rose leaves. In front it was slightly curved upward to allow room for the curls over the forehead. On either side of the front was a choux rosette of green velvet, and at the back two clusters of small full-blown roses. This sat on the head like a little cap and was very becoming. Another had the bandeau of thorny rose stemming, several intertwined. A bow of apple-green ribbon velvet in front, two loops going wide and straight to either side, and two running backward over the head forming the top of the crown. There was a wide jet buckle in front and two clusters of rosebuds and leaves at the back.

Accordion plaitings have brought Brussels nets in for demi toilets again, made up over black or colored silks. The underskirt will have two or three tiny ruffles at the foot, with the plaited net falling loosely from the belt. Before the net is plaited three rows of black or white lace insertion or satin ribbon are sewn on.

Children's hats are simply trimmed and look more like the really childish headwear of a good many years ago. Many have merely wreaths of simple flowers; others ribbon trimmings. A pretty trimming is a wreath of rosette bows, the tie-over going from one to other without being cut, and the bows being graduated in size, with a tall loop or two near the front on one side. The bonnets are very large, and have full fluffy lace brims.

In the selection of dress materials there are many considerations to be borne in mind, and not the least of these is the weight of the material. A very wide full skirt is apt to be heavy, even though made of a light-weight cloth, and the deep interlining of crinoline does much to increase this difficulty. It is wise, therefore, to choose light linings, such as silks, and to reserve the heavier materials for waist and short wraps.

The rough effects now so popular present a very heavy appearance, and one is surprised on finding that they are remarkably light. Crepons are much in vogue; the winter weight, with very coarse craping, being especially favored. Shot crepons are also very stylish, and are shown in many combinations. A new fabric, which has already met with much appreciation, and which gives fair promise to take the lead of all others, is known as sibelline cloth. It has a satin-like face and a woollen back, and is charmingly adapted to tea gowns. Of covert cloths for tailor-made suits we have spoken in a former article, and mellons have also met with much success.

For the cheaper and more durable costumes we have fancy vicunas and Scotch tweeds, while English serge always holds an important place. The West of England cheviots, in hot mixture, such as fawn and blue or brown and green, are light, warm and altogether commendable.

Velvets are very popular, and are now shown in fine stripes, checks and gay plaids, being an excellent garniture for the plain cloth gowns. Black plush is very fashionable for handsome mantles.

Furs are much used, both for entire wraps and for trimming wraps and gowns of cloth or velvet. Among the favorites are seal, sable, carsculo, chinchilla and silks, which is a sort of blue-gray fox fur.

Moires are in much demand, both in silks and velvets. A new silk and woollen moire bears the name of miroir laine.

At the head of the list of trimmings we must place jet, which is so lavishly introduced that manufacturers find it almost impossible to supply the demand. We have already mentioned velvets and furs as garniture, and may now add lace, which is largely used in connection with fur.

For evening, velvets and satins in soft pretty shades are profusely trimmed with laces and flowers. There are also dainty gauzes, English crepes and several new effects in silk crepons.

Much taste is also displayed in the new lining silks. Handsome mantles and opera cloaks are lined with rich brocades, while the less costly coats and capes demand fancy or light colored silks.

With such an array of materials to choose from surely even the most fastidious should be enabled to humor her taste.

Two new gowns are illustrative of the lace garniture. The first is composed of brown ladies' cloth, and, in addition to the lace, is also embellished with sable silk, which has the appearance of being covered with grains of sand. The wide cloth skirt is edged with a bouillone or puff of silk. The very full puff sleeve is finished without a cuff. Over the pleated silk blouse is worn a short jacket and double epaulettes in deep cream guipure. The jacket has square corners, both at the yoke and waist lines, and continues straight around the back. Of the epaulettes, the one passes around the armhole in the back, the other forming a round poke. The neck band, with side bows, is composed of the sable silk. A deep girdle of silk completes this stylish gown.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Deviled Tomatoes.—Deviled tomatoes are one of the excellent new and simple dishes that may be cooked in the chafing dish. In preparing them you will need two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of mustard, one raw egg, two tablespoonfuls of hot vinegar, one level tablespoonful of powdered sugar, one quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of pepper to every three tomatoes. Select tomatoes that are large, ripe and firm, pour over them enough boiling water to loosen the skins, peel, cut in thick slices and set in the ice box. The sauce may be served hot or cold. It is best cold. In combining it, cream the butter, add to it the powdered sugar, the mustard, which may be dry or "made mustard," and mix well. Add the salt and pepper and rub into the mixture the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. For this use a little sieve. Heat your vinegar, then add that, and finally a beaten raw egg. Set over hot water and cook until the consistency of a thick cream. If it cooks too rapidly the sauce will become too thick. To prevent this lift from the fire several times while cooking and stir constantly to make it smooth. Set aside to cool. When ready to use put a tablespoonful of butter in the chafing dish, add the slices of tomato, and, when hot, serve from dish. Pass the sauce. If cooked in the kitchen, send to the table on a garnished dish and turn the sauce over them.

To Pickle Ripe Tomatoes.—Take them when thoroughly ripe. Do not prick them as many recipes tell you. Let them lie in strong brine three or four days; put them down in layers, in jars, mixing with them small onions and pieces of horse-radish; pour on them cold, spiced vinegar; let there be a small spice bag to put into every pot; cover them carefully and let them set a whole month before using.

Kate's Lily Pickle.—Chop one gallon of green tomatoes; sprinkle salt over them, and let them lie twenty-four hours; drain off the liquor and throw it away; then add twelve onions chopped, six green peppers, three quarts chopped cabbage, one-half pint grated horse-radish, one-half pint white mustard seed, black pepper, cloves, etc., to taste. Put vinegar to this and cork tight.

Grape Marmalade.—Put the grapes in a stone pot, and set the pot into a kettle with cold water; set this on the fire and boil until the grapes will mash easily; stir them often, and jam with bowl of the spoon. Take them up and strain through a sieve. To a quart of the pulp allow a pint of sugar, and boil 40 minutes.

Pear Marmalade.—A very excellent marmalade may be made with pears, to use in making tartlets. Boil six good-sized pears to a pulp; weigh them; take half their weight of sugar, put it into a saucepan with a very little water; boil it and skim it while boiling. When boiled to a crack, add the pulp of the pears and give it a boil; and add about four drops of essence of cloves; when it is cold it is ready for use.

Apple Marmalade.—Three pounds of apples, one and one-half pound loaf sugar, one-half pint sherry, one quince and a few cloves. Approximate cost 50 cents. Peel and core the apples and quince, cut in eight parts, put all the ingredients together in a preserving pan; cook slowly, simmering for two hours; put in jars and cover down when cold.

Onion Vinegar.—Six large onions, one tablespoon salt, one tablespoon white sugar, one quart best vinegar. Chop the onions, strew on the salt, and let them stand five or six hours; dissolve the sugar in the vinegar, scald the vinegar, pour it over the onions, put them in a jam, cover tight, and leave for a fortnight. Then strain and bottle.

Pickled Pears.—Pare and halve the fruit, place in a porcelain kettle, cover with water, and boil soft. Put in a jar, and pour on the spiced vinegar. If any of the fruit does not soften in the water, boil it in the vinegar 10 or 15 minutes.

Canned Pears.—Pare, halve and core, and boil until soft; then add one-third pound of sugar to one pound fruit, and let the whole just come to a boil; heat sugar with a little water; add lemon if desired.

Pickled Cauliflowers.—Cook the cauliflower till tender; put it in jars; then pour vinegar and ground mustard, previously scalded together, over them.

Baked Pears.—Molasses and water in the bottom of a tin; bake the pears until soft; or stew them in molasses and water, half and half.

WHO WAS EL DORADO?

THERE is nothing obscure, says the Century, in the etymology of this Spanish phrase which means literally "The Gilded;" yet to such an extent has it been abused, that few know that it originally related to a man and not to a country. As early as the sixteenth century it served to designate an imaginary region abounding in gold and precious stones in the interior of South America; but prior to this acceptation it had become a synonym for the most remarkable legend of the New World.

The term was indeed an appellation of royalty, and El Dorado, perhaps, a veritable king, whose daily attire is said to have been a simple coating of aromatic resins, followed by a sparkling of gold dust blown through a bamboo cane. But before going into the origin of this splendid fable, let us take a brief glance at the history and traditions of the Chibchas.

According to the Chibchas, the creator of the world was Chimiuigagua, who, though obscure and indescribable himself, caused enormous black birds to fly through the universe distributing light which they carried in their beaks. Then there came out of Lake Igague near Tunja, a beautiful woman called Bachue, carrying a male child in her arms, from which pair all mankind are descended.

Their principal deity was Bochica whom they considered the universal god, while Chiochacum was the especial protector of their nation. When the latter, becoming offended with his chosen people because of their excesses, produced a disastrous flood, Bochica appeared, heralded by a rainbow, and striking the environing mountains with his golden rod, made an outlet for the angry waters, by forming the celebrated cataract of Tequendama.

This tradition, as related by Humboldt, attributes the flood to Chia, the beautiful but malignant wife of Bochica who was punished by being converted into the moon. Neuchatacoa was the Chibchan Bacchus to whom libations were offered on holiday occasions.

Their bethrothal and marriage ceremonies were quite as rational as modern usages. The aboriginal Corydon sent Phyllis one or more mantles, and if the gift was received, he seated himself in the doorway of the house until she brought him a gourd of chicha, which she first tasted, and then gave him to drink as a sign of acceptance.

They were married by a priest, and during the ceremony, were required to stand face to face with their hands on each other's shoulders. The bride was asked if she would prefer Bochica to her husband, the latter to her children, and if she would love these better than herself; also if she would abstain from eating if her lord were hungry, and go to him without being called. These questions having been answered affirmatively, and the groom having said that he would take the woman, they were pronounced man and wife.

The Chibchas ascribe their knowledge of agriculture to Chinzapagua (sent by God), an old man of another race and with a long white beard. The Chibchans have also a tradition of an immaculate conception.

Paravey, who cites the finding of a junk upon the west coast of South America, compared the language of the Chibchas with the Sewa dialect of the Japanese, and found many philological analogues with almost complete identity of their respective numeral characters.

The legend of El Dorado is traced to the following tradition: The Zaque of the Gustaritas had a young and beautiful wife of whom he was very fond, and correspondingly jealous. Fleeing from his reproaches of infidelity with their only child in her arms, she plunged into Lake Guatarita and sank beneath the surface. The royal husband commanded his retainers to recover his beloved wife and son. After many incantations a priest boldly plunged in, and returned with the marvelous tale that he had entered a magnificent palace at the bottom of the lake and found the late unhappy Cacia living contendedly as the wife of an immense serpent, the god of the waters.

The Zaque then had rafts made to the centre of the lake, and three or four times a year at the hour of noon he walked out to the end, having his body anointed with resins and sprinkled all over with gold dust. First throwing into the lake some gold pieces and emeralds, he took saponaceous herbs and washed off the gold dust and resin from his person into the lake, and the ceremony concluded, he came out of the water and resumed his mantle. It was this anointed figure, glittering in the noon day sun that was known everywhere as El Dorado.

Belalcazar having heard of it, determined on the conquest of the country, to which he and his soldiers at once gave the distinctive name La Provincia del Dorado. That is to say, the Province where the man or cacique gilds his body before offering sacrifice.

A TOOTHSOME STORY.—Mme. Pauline Viardot, the ever-to-be-remembered 'Fides' in Meyerbeer's Prophete, had one of her upper teeth longer than the rest of her pearly jewels, which somewhat damaged the beautiful expression of her physiognomy.

A few evenings before the production of the Prophete, during one of the general rehearsals of that opera, Meyerbeer went into her room and advised her that he could not consent to let her sing "Fides."

"How so?" exclaimed the great artiste, stupefied at such a dreadful revelation. "Am I wrong in the interpretation of any part of the role? If so, you should tell me, sir, and I will endeavor to correct myself."

"Madame, you are a perfect 'Fides,' and I could not dream of any tragedian songstress to sing and play better than you," answered the maestro; "but—but—you can not perform 'Fides,' unless——"

"Unless what?" quickly asked Pauline Viardot, bursting into tears.

"Unless you submit to a painful surgical operation, madame, and I think you won't," replied Meyerbeer.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Simply this, you must have that overgrown tooth sawed to the level of the others."

"Oh, sir, it must be horrible!"

"Not at all, madame. I have just ordered the Queen of Prussia's dentist to come to Paris for the express purpose of attending your operatic majesty, and you may rely upon his unsurpassed skill."

As it was the sine qua non condition imposed by the hard-to-please maestro, Pauline Viardot made up her mind to confide her beautiful head to the dentist, who first chloroformed her, and with a magic dexterity removed the obnoxious bit of ivory.

A few nights after that terrible trial Pauline Viardot won her crown of immortality in the role of "Fides," in which she will never be equalled. When the tremendous echoes of the enthusiastic applause had abated, and the artistes were allowed to leave the stage, Giacomo Meyerbeer, trembling like a child with emotion, respectfully took the right wrist of "Fides," to which he adjusted a diamond bracelet worth thirty thousand francs (six thousand dollars), in the middle of which, and surrounded by rubies, stood the small piece of tooth that for so many years had been prominent in the features of the great artiste.

A BISHOP'S CHURCH ON WHEELS.—The Bishop of Dakota, who is at present visiting this section, says that his most enjoyable work is when on tour in his church on wheels. He goes away three months at a time, and travels in a compact and beautiful church, constructed by the Pullman Car Company.

In an interview, the bishop narrated many interesting facts about the car. It is over sixty feet long and nine feet wide inside, and seats are provided for seventy-five persons. When once inside, the visitor would scarcely believe that it was a traveling church, so perfect and complete is the structure. There is an altar, font, lectern, and organ, as in the ordinary church, and strangers are struck with the wonderful harmony of the interior arrangements.

The bishop, who is a single man, and stands over six feet high, undertakes the whole of the service, reading prayers and lessons, preaching the sermon, and presiding at the organ. When on tour, he does this every other day in the week and twice on Sundays. At the extreme end of the car is a retiring room for his lordship, where he sleeps, often dines, and robes for service. It has been greatly admired all through the diocese, which, he says, is larger than England.

The settlers come many miles to attend the services, and look in astonishment at the church being brought to them. On one occasion a settler said he had seen all the biggest theatrical shows and the best circuses going, "but this 'ere show of the bishop's beat them all." One man said he had heard a deal about this bishop that took his church with him, and he thought he would like to see what the "creetur'" was like. It cost a lot of money, towards which Mr. Vanderbilt, the millionaire, contributed a thousand dollars.

When in use, the church stands on a side track near the wayside station, and the bishop has to go round the villages and beat up his congregation. His reason for traveling without servants is that he may not appear to go about with any pomp or display. He is extremely liberal-minded, and his pleasant manner and cordial sympathy are the real secrets of his success among the settlers.

He is very popular, too, among the red men, his diocese being close to their territory. He has the right to go among them to ascertain their grievances, as he is one of a commission of ten members in North America which has been formed for the purpose of considering the claims of the red men. He regrets to find that in many cases the vices of the white man found their way among the red men.

MR. CAUDLE: "Doctor, I want you to put up a powerful sedative for my wife; give me the best specific for insomnia you know of." Doctor: "What's the matter? Can't she sleep?" "Yes, I think so; but I can't."

IN ARGENTINA.

HOUSEKEEPING at home, within easy reach of shops and stores, with gas and water laid on, and the milkman more punctual in appearing than the sun, is child's play in comparison with housekeeping abroad, where you must have under your own roof sufficient resources of your own providing for every need likely to arise.

Our estancia (farm) is forty miles from a railway station; the ground was broken up and fenced, and the house built, only three years since; and we consider ourselves fortunate in being on the route of a mail-coach which drives across the literally pathless plain twice a week. It is impossible to describe the bare flatness of the campo (prairie) around us. Not a tree, not a stone, not a hillock, not a road. Short grass, filled with delicate wild-flowers, grows in tufts here and there on the plain, which stretches away, hard and level as a table, from our fences to the horizon, under a dome of the clearest blue sky—each farm lying like a solitary island in a boundless sea.

Our usual number of inhabitants, including the natives and their children, is about twenty; but the peones (farm-laborers) vary in number according to the season. The house of the patrone (master) is built in Spanish style—round three sides of a square patio (court), the fourth side being the flower garden, beyond which lie the kitchen garden and a young orchard. Our well—bricked in and boarded over, to exclude dust—is in the centre of the patio.

The west side of the house consists of a large sitting-room with an open fireplace, and my bedroom, containing the unwonted luxury of a long mirror, in which ladies come from far to see themselves. On the north side, a row of smaller bedrooms opens on to the corridor, as a veranda running round the house is called. The east side contains storeroom, kitchen and offices—and my Spanish cook, supreme in his own sphere. He takes a lively interest in all that concerns the well-being of our farm; and it was he who helped me to make my flower garden, an elaborate arrangement of small raised beds, containing violets, carnations, and blue corn-flowers, a solitary wall-flower, rosea on the point of bloom, and plentiful lovely white irises, that seem to thrive in spite of the drought.

Beyond this lies the kitchen garden, with lots of beans, peas, melons, lettuces, asparagus, carrots, turnips, onions and potatoes, the last not quite ready yet, for your winter, be it remembered, is early summer with us. All these are coming on beautifully—a table perhaps spread for the locusts, for if they come, everything will go except the melons. We have planted peach and other fruit trees, and laid out a strawberry bed. There is a vine in the patio, and some cuttings just starting, also two or three figs, as yet very small.

To come to my housekeeping, however. The first few months in a new country must, of course, be devoted to learning the language, and unlearning the prejudices that a Briton is supposed to be so plentifully supplied with. It seems impossible at first to rule a house in an unknown tongue, and of course to begin with, one makes absurd mistakes. But patience and a strong sense of humor on both sides help to oil the wheels. Every day some new and useful word or phrase is picked up; and if an hour or two daily can be given to reading and writing exercises, one learns quickly all that is most necessary.

In the Argentine Republic, servants of all nationalities are to be found. Irish-women are preferrred, as they are clever, good-tempered, and hard-working; but they easily find places in the towns, and for camp-life one has to be content with Spaniards or Italians. I find Basques the most satisfactory. A man and a girl carry on all the work of the house. The man is an excellent cook, able to send up, with the help of a Spanish cookery book, what our old cook in Scotland called "pairty dishes," whenever the spirit moves him. The girl helps me in many ways, and does all the washing and ironing and rougher housework. Washing is carried on in the patio with cold water, soap and plenty of sunshine making the linen whiter and sweeter than any steam laundry can do.

Let me give you an idea of how our day passes. Spring is now (November) far advanced, and the days get hot, so we are all up soon after sunrise, and have at six o'clock a cup of tea and a biscuit. The first work is churning; before the day grows hot. At eight, the bell on the meat-house rings for breakfast. The meat-house is a small brick building in the farmyard, somewhat like a chapel, with a bell hung above the gable. A steaming dish of porridge is a welcome, and so good, no one would guess the oatmeal was from a tin. At noon, the bell rings again for lunch, a substantial meal, for the hard work in this strong fine air makes every one hungry. We begin with soup, then invariably the national dish—mutton boiled with vegetables of all sorts—an excellent dish. Then comes a dish of eggs, cooked variously. Fish, alas! is only to be had in tins, and is too expensive for every-day use. Sometimes Juan surprises us with a novelty, as when, the other day, he sent in a young armadillo cooked in its shell, and standing, with a painfully life like air, on the points of its dainty little toes. I made myself eat a little, and it was really very good.

Another surprise was more agreeable—a dish of custard, garnished with an ornamental border and lettering in whipped white of egg, 'October 1892" and "October 1893," with, between them, a mysterious "C. O. K." We puzzled over it; and then it flashed upon us that it was just a year since Juan had come, and the inscription must be meant to signify the anniversary of our cook. We sent for him, of course, and exchanged felicitations and compliments.

Luncheon ends with biscuit and a cup of coffee. I should explain that this camp biscuit takes the place of all bread. It is round as a ball, perfectly crisp and hard, good, but, from its hardness, tiresome to eat.

Afternoon tea, our next meal, is very welcome on a dusty hot day. Most of the far scattered housekeepers in the camp vie, as their sisters do at home, in making this meal an attractive one. I have made some anxious but successful experiments in cakes and soda-bread, Juan hovering round with a provoking smile. I generally try to devise some other work for him when I am baking, as he shouts so loud he makes me nervous.

One has to remember that fuel is a very heavy item of expense, and arrange to bake when the stove is lit, as the fire is not kept up all day. Coal is unknown. We burn a hard red wood from the north, which costs about a dollar a day. Bones, roots of weeds, maize husks, and refuse from the fields, are all used to help fires. Dinner is after sunset. Soup and meat are easily arrranged for; but puddings are my great difficulty. We have no fruit yet from the garden, and jam and dried fruits cost so much. These all imported groceries, tapioca, macaroni, etc., are scarce and dear; while the items that cost most at home—meat, eggs, poultry, milk—we have in abundance. It is strange to have to think twice before using flour and sugar. Every farm is ready, like an inn, to receive the passing traveler, who drops in at sunset with perhaps a troop of horses. Such travelers are often friends, or friends' friends, and of course welcome; but it is a little trying at times to have two or three not over-clean natives at table with us. On the whole, they are well-mannered, and always quite at ease, with a great flow of conversation, and many courteous Spanish phrases.

The greatest event of the week is mail-day, when the galera (coach) appears in a cloud of dust, crossing the trackless pampas. The whole household rush to the gate, to return laden with letters, papers, and parcels, perhaps meeting and welcoming a friend fresh from town. Work is put aside for a time, home letters are eagerly read, and newspapers discussed. What a flood of new thoughts they bring into our lives, and perhaps a touch of home-sickness, as we talk of the dear ones who write so faithfully! But work must not be long forgotten, and magazines and papers must wait until the idle hour after dinner.

I hope I have given some idea of the life we lead in this far-off land. In spite of all the trials that beset housekeeping—dust, omni-present flies, and (most dreaded) locusts, that from time to time sweep down suddenly and devour every leaf and blossom in the garden that has been so carefully tended and laboriously watered—in spite of all drawbacks, even the greatest—separation from home and friends—the life here is a happy one, and time passes both quickly and pleasantly in continual sunshine and fresh good air.

THEY ARE REMODELLED.—"Remodelling" of hats is getting to be quite a business. To some people this would seem to be an elegant way of speaking of the finishing over, trimming over, etc., of old or secondhand hats, but such is not the case. The great bulk of hats that are "remodelled" are new ones, or, more properly speaking, are unsold ones. They are not of the up-to-date pattern, and consequently are not saleable.

The shrewd and business-like retailer does not keep them too long on the shelf. He prefers to turn them to a remodelling shop, where they undergo a certain amount of manipulation and are placed back again on the shelves, turned into the "latest style" or the "latest tile," just as you prefer to have it.

The owner of the hats fails to recognize them when they are returned to him, but he is glad to welcome them.

The trimmings have been taken out, and the hats have been blocked over on the latest blocks and meet with a ready sale.

The expense attached to the blocking over and to trimming over is not great.

BISMARCK was a student in Goettingen in 1832 and 1833, where his skill in fence won for him the surname "Achilles the Invulnerable." In three terms he fought 20 duels, and received only a single wound, of which the scar on his lower jaw near the lip is still perceptible; but as this was caused by his adversary's blade flying from the hilt, it was contrary to the code, so that his reputation for invulnerability remained technically unimpaired. Indeed, the university authorities forbade him to fight certain projected duels on pain of expulsion.

EXTRAORDINARY!—A lady famed for her skill in cooking was entertaining a number of friends at tea. Everything on the table was much admired; but the excellence of the sponge-cake was especially the subject of remark. "Oh," exclaimed one of the guests, "it is so beautifully soft and light; do tell me where you got the recipe!" "I am very glad," replied the hostess, "that you find it so soft and light; I made it out of my own head."

"WHERE THERE'S A WILL."—There was a church in which the sexton was so intent on keeping everything in perfect order and cleanliness, that a spider tried in vain, in all the windows, to keep his web spread out for flies. It was brushed down every week.

Finally he spun it across the mouth of the contribution box by the door, and it was never disturbed.

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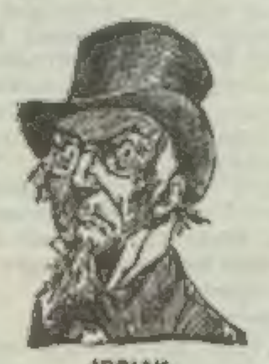

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WIDOWS of such soldiers and sailors are entitled (if not remarried) whether soldier's death was due to army service or not, if now dependent upon their own labor for support. Widows not dependent upon their own labor are entitled if the soldier's death was due to service.

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PARENTS are entitled if soldier left neither widow nor child, provided soldier died in service, or from effects of service, and they are now dependent upon their own labor for support. It makes no difference whether soldier served or died in late war or in regular army or navy.

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Humorous.

INFELICITY.

There is no shirt, however washed and mended,
That hath due buttons there;
There is no pat of butter—real or pretended—
Without its truant hair.

There is no babe that doesn't suck his finger,
And howl till all is blue;
No organ on the street that doesn't linger
A little longer, Loo.

There is no vacant space on which some blackguard
Sticks not his beastly bills.
There soon will be no field without a placard
Belauding soap or pills.

Fall openings—uncovered coal holes.

Out shopping — buying from street vendors.

Fatigue drill—the one the dentist uses in your tooth.

Good place to settle—the place where you owe money.

Love may be stone-blind in some respects, but not in the matter of engagement-rings.

When is an enemy's encampment most likely to be set fire to?—When the tents are pitched.

Why is a little boy learning the alphabet like a postage stamp? Because he gets stuck on the letters.

What did they tie it on the dog's tail for? Because he was a growler and they wanted to see him rush the can.

Bob: "I didn't know that Teddy's income would admit of his getting married." Tom: "It won't; but his wife's will."

He was carrying a cane as big as his arm. "Is that chap lame?" some one asked. "Yes," said an observer; "above the eyebrows."

Time is always represented carrying a scythe, and we suppose he will continue to carry this primitive agricultural implement until time shall be no mower.

Smith: "I don't believe Thompson spends as much money as he did before he was married."

Brown: "No, he doesn't; his wife spends it for him."

Lady, to tramp: "No—I shall not give you anything. You look strong and hearty and well able to work." Tramp: "Ah, ma'am, you shouldn't judge people by their looks. I thought you looked a kind-hearted lady, but I find you ain't."

Mrs. Dewdrop: "This elderberry wine is some of my own make, parson. Do you think it will keep?"

Parson Tester, tasting: "There is no question about it, ma'am."

"You never sit and talk to me as you did before we were married," sighed the young wife. "No," replied the husband, who was a draper's assistant. "The guv'nor told me to stop praising the goods as soon as the bargain was struck."

A man who resides near Rockland had a small barn. A few years ago he had a big crop of hay, and one of his neighbors asked him where he was going to put it. "I think," said he, "that I'll stack what I can outdoors and put the rest in the barn."

Magistrate: "It's very disgraceful that you should beat your wife." Prisoner: "Well, your worship, she aggrawated me by keepin' on sayin' she'd 'ave me hup before that bald-'eaded hold humbug, measin' yer worship." Magistrate: "You're discharged."

She: "Does the fact that I have money make any difference to you, dearest?" He: "Of course it does, my own. It is such a comfort to know that, if I should die, you would be provided for!" She: "But suppose I should die?" He: "Then I should be provided for."

She: "I will marry you, George, since you wish it so much, but I tell you frankly I can never love you so much as my poor dead husband."

He: "I suppose you did love poor John very much."

She: "I don't mean John. I mean the one before him."

"What's the matter? You seem to be in a frightful rage this morning."

"I am. You remember the challenge I sent to a magazine editor?"

"Yes."

"Well, I have just received his answer. He says that my manuscript has been received, and that it will be carefully examined in due course of time."

Socks: "Buskin, me boy, I was astonished to learn just now that you ran off the stage in the middle of a scene last night overcome by nervousness."

Buskin: "A veteran like meself attacked by stage affright? By the gods, no! Go to, good Socks."

Socks: "Well, what was the matter, then?"

Buskin: "A boy in the gallery gave so good an imitation of a locomotive whistle that I made an involuntary rush to get on the other track."

THE UNSOCIABLE.—We envy neither the men nor the women who cannot speak to a fellow-creature out of their own circle or to anybody without the formality of an introduction. There is no computing the amount of profit as well as pleasure such persons lose by hedging themselves in with this stupid fence of fastidiousne s. We have always found more of this feeling among persons who were more touchy on their social position than among those self-respecting persons who thought nothing about it. A great deal of intelligence is floating round the world without being labelled, and those men or women who have the good sense to recognize this fact and act upon it not only are educating themselves, but conferring that pleasure which we are all bound by the common ties of humanity to exchange with each other. It seems to us that it is only the snob and pretender who take a different view of this question.

A ROUNDED LIFE.—A most indefatigable and efficient philanthropist, whose labors seem to all his friends as something almost superhuman, yet who never appears harassed or jaded or worn out, was asked recently how he contrived to accomplish so much and yet retain so much vigor and freshness. He replied, "By getting other people to do all they can." Doubtless this is the secret of many a noble and valuable life. It is not wasted in fruitless details or driven to distraction by a press of business too great for endurance. Others have been called into the field, instructed, inspired, and encouraged to do their best; and, while he who has chosen them is thus enabled to live a whole and rounded life, they also in their turn have been blessed and ennobled by having their best possibilities developed.

TO PRESERVE THE EYES.—An oculist sounds a warning to those who would keep their eyes in good order. He says: It is injurious to rub the eyes while they are inflamed by the cutting winds and the dust raised thereby, and equally so to bathe them and go out immediately again in the air, as then there is danger of catching cold. Most of the eye troubles in cold weather are caused by imprudence in rubbing or bathing. In rubbing the eyes the tear line from the outside to the nose should be followed, though the majority pass the fingers from the inside outward, which, he asserts, affects the sight and causes "crows' feet."

TO GAUGE TREMBLING.—A Continental physician has recently invented the tronometre, a device for gauging the trembling of nervous people. This instrument consists of a metal plate, pierced with twenty holes of different sizes in a graduated scale, and a needle, which the patient endeavors to put into the holes. When he has succeeded in placing the needle in a hole, he completes an electric contact and rings a bell. The immoderate use of coffee or stimulants, as well as lead or mercurial poisoning, produces tremblings which can be tested with this simple appliance.

THE PAWNSHOP.—Few persons are aware of the enormous part which the pawnshop plays in the life of the English people. In no country in the world is more pawning done. It is estimated that the pledges amount to ten per head of the population a year, which would give 400,000,000 annually. The average value of the pledges is about 4s., which would mean that the loans amount to £20,000,000 a year. This estimate is not by any means exaggerated.

A BROAD hat does not always cover a wise head.

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.	FOR WIGS, INCHES.
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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Hair Wigs, Frisettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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Chicago Express (Sleeper) daily	6.45 p m	1.30 p m
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Williamsport Exp. (Parlor Cars)	w'k d's 8.35, a m, 4.00 p m	10.00
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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 8.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

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For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.08 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.20, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.20 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamo kin Express, week-days, 6.00 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

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Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00, 9.00 a m., 2.00, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m., 4.30, 5.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot; week-days—Express, 8.20, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 2.30, 7.20 p m. Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.00, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 5.05 p m.

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